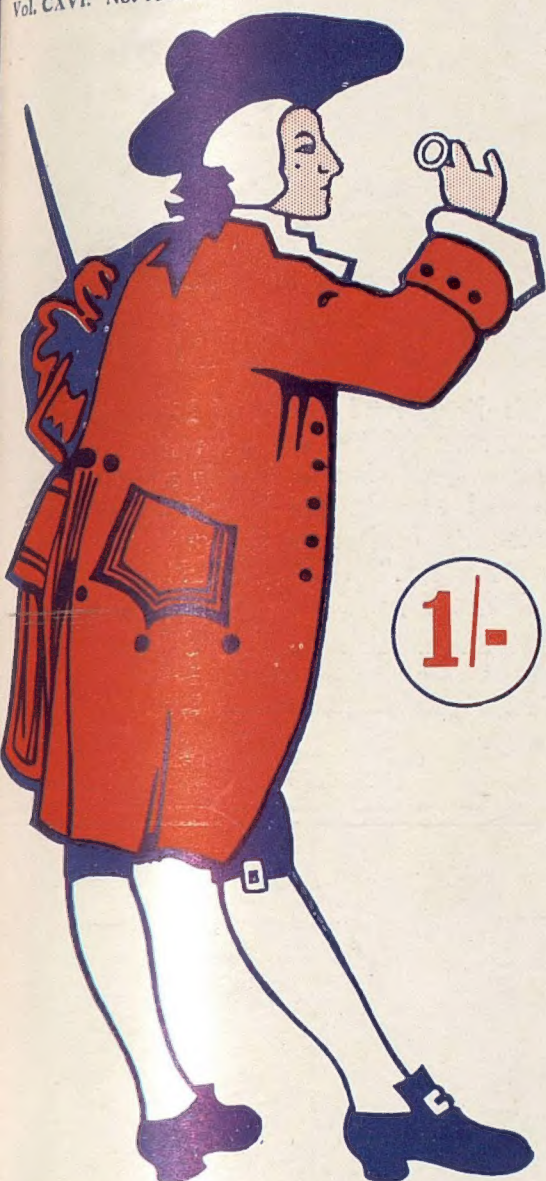


# The TATLER

Vol. CXVI. No. 1505.

London, April 30, 1930

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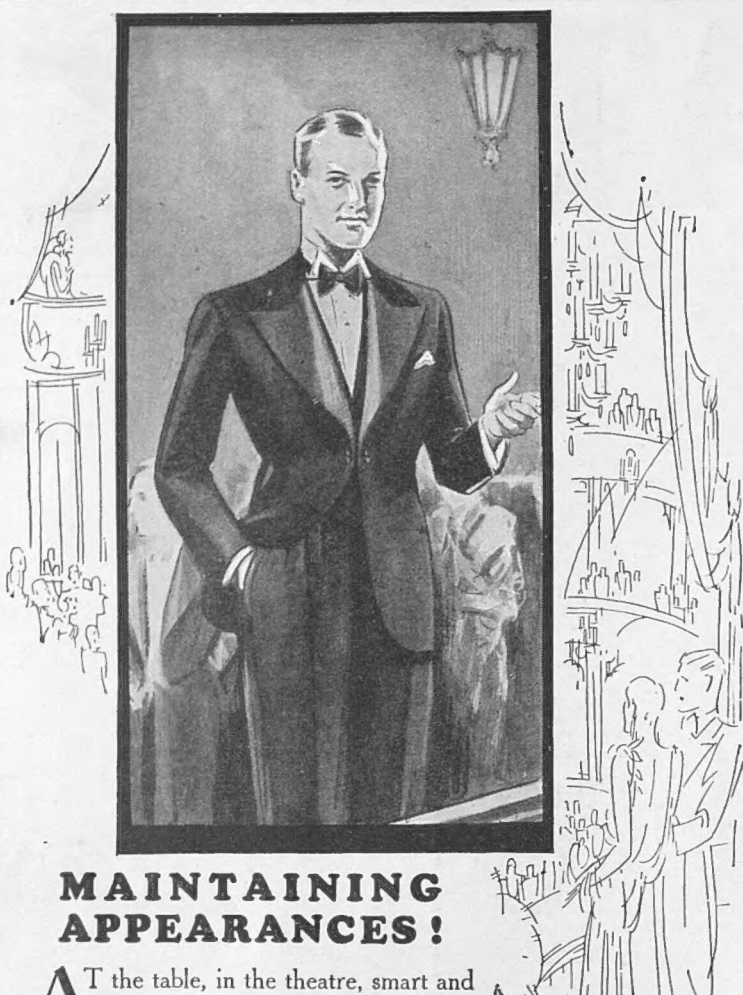
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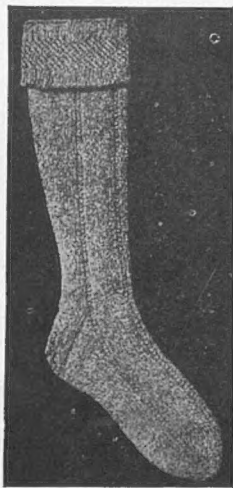
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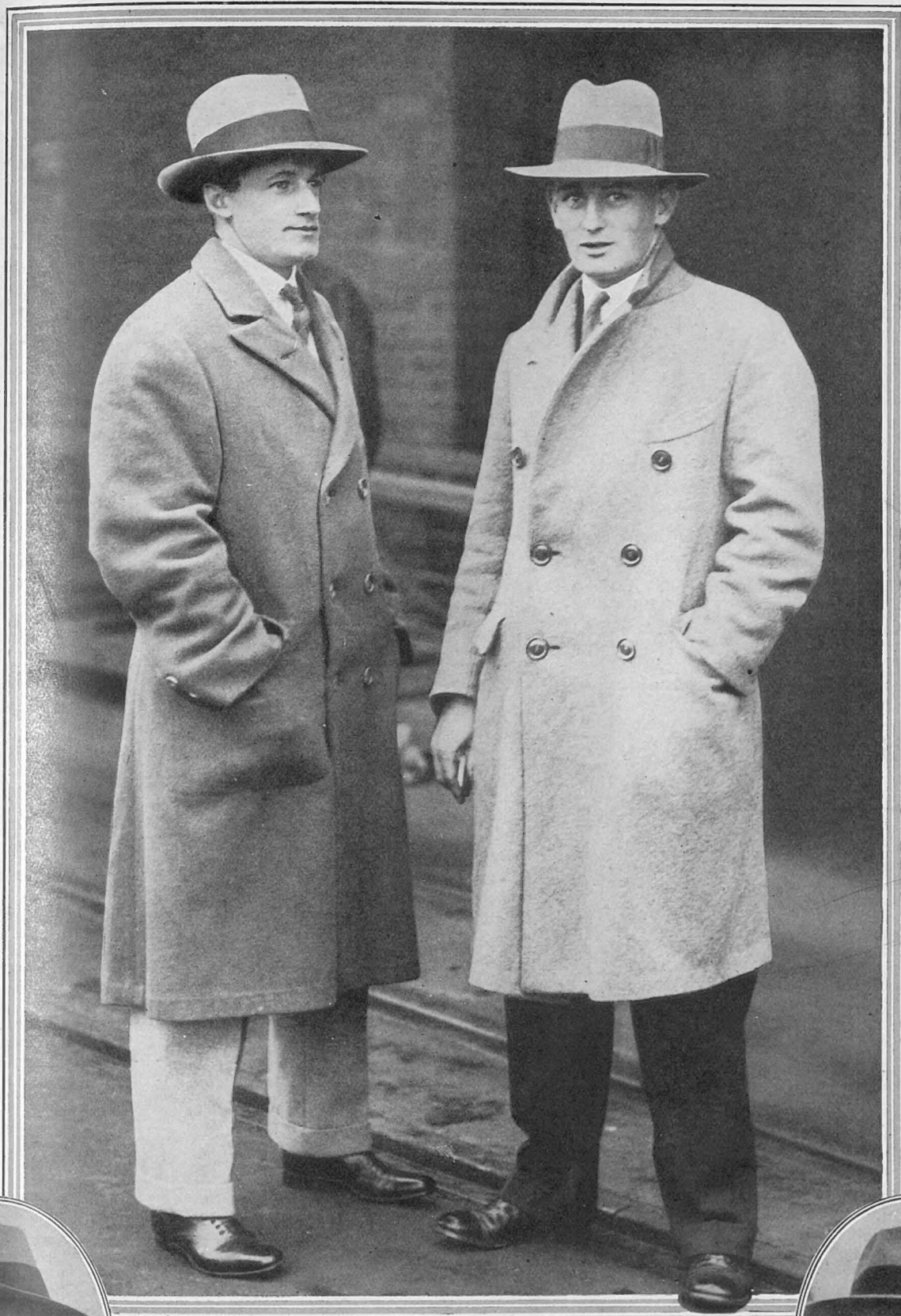
# The TATLER

Vol. CXVI. No. 1505

London, April 30, 1930

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Price One Shilling.



W. H. PONSFORD

## NEW BROOMS—AND OLD—

WHO HOPE TO SWEEP UP THE ASHES FROM "OUR GREAT"—  
DON BRADMAN AND S. McCABE

At the welcome luncheon given to the Australian team by the British Sportsmen's Club at the Savoy last week. Their skipper, W. M. Woodfull, said: "Ours is a very young and enthusiastic team, and it can be relied upon to play the game right to the end." W. M. Woodfull, C. V. Grimmett, W. A. Oldfield, and W. H. Ponsford are the only members of the chosen fifteen players who have previously visited England; all the rest is young blood. S. McCabe is unfortunately at the moment a slight casualty, and he and A. Hurwood are the only ones who have not played in Test Cricket in Australia v. England



A. KIPPAX



# The Letters of Eve



Harrods

MRS. GEORGE VERNON TATE AND HER DAUGHTERS

Mrs. Vernon Tate, the mother of Lord de Clifford, married her present husband, who is an uncle of Sir Ernest Tate, Bart., in 1922, and their daughter Pamela was born in 1923. Mrs. Tate's first husband was Lord de Clifford, who died in 1909

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

**D**EAREST,—How odd it is that the longer the intervals one allows to elapse between the letters one writes the less one has to say. My last letter to you was sent in days beforehand on account of the Easter holidays, and I expected to be full of news this week. But somehow nothing very much seems to have happened except Easter. And the less we say about that the better I think. For nearly everywhere the much-looked-forward-to holiday brought the same rain, snow, hail, and bitter wind. Even down on the Riviera, where several of the young and very mobile spirits decided to dash down for four or five days, only to return somewhat dampened by their fruitless errand.

\* \* \*

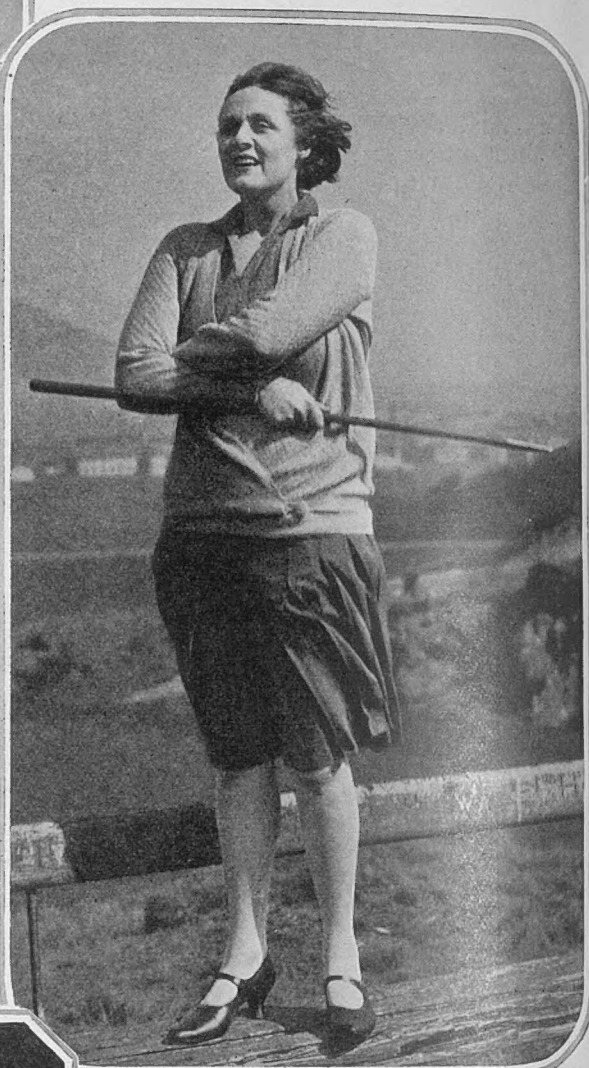
**N**or was Le Touquet altogether worth the shorter but quite unpleasant trip across the Channel. However, quite a number of



THE WIGHTMAN CUP SELECTORS

Stuart

Miss E. F. Rose, Secretary of the Surrey County Lawn Tennis Club, Mrs. Godfree (née Kitty McKane), and Mrs. Mavrogordato, who will pick England's Wightman Cup team



Ian Smith

MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY LOOKS AT EDINBURGH

The famous actress, who is at present on tour, is shortly coming to London in a new play. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry is Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry's daughter. Her mother's stage name is Miss Julia Neilson

the usual habitués were to be found there playing in the Casino until quite late in the morning, and on the golf course a very short time after. It's wonderful how little sleep one seems to be able to do with out there. The faithful ones included Colonel Billy Bishop and Sir John Milbanke, who is always an enterprising player at the tables, Lady Ashley, Lord and Lady Scarsdale, Mr. and Mrs. George Philippon, who had opened up their villa and were entertaining a small party, including Mrs. Kenneth Milln, and Mrs. Dudley Ward, who played quite a lot of golf in spite of the weather.

\* \* \*

**S**ir Philip Sassoon was there too, but the tables hold no lure for him, though he seems to find quite a lot of interest and amusement in watching those for whom they have. He is lending his house, by the way, for the concert to-morrow afternoon in aid of the Pettit Farm Social Centre at which Mr. Paul Robeson is going to sing. But to return to Le Touquet for the moment. Among its other



Easter visitors were Lord Molyneux, the Ward twins, Sir John and Lady Dashwood, and the Duke of Norfolk, who was having a very mild flutter at the chemmy tables there while his mother contented herself with occasional visits to the boules tables of Biarritz. And also Lady Davina Lytton, Lady Hermione's younger sister, who is a very attractive person, and Lady Cunard, who is remaining over there for some weeks. I believe Lady Cunard is still quite firm about never staying away with friends for week-ends.

\* \* \*

Just a few things, of course, have happened, or will have happened by the time you get this letter. The return of the Prince, for instance, after his four months' absence. We shall all be delighted to have him back again. And the signing of the Naval Treaty, which was done with rather less fuss and éclat than one might have expected. But we are so often undemonstrative (or indifferent?) about the more serious and important things. And the death of the Poet Laureate, whose fine work, "The Testament of Beauty," which came out only a few months ago, we have most of us read parts of if not altogether. And now we are wondering whether it will be Mr. John Masefield or Mr. Alfred Noyes who will succeed him.

\* \* \*

And now Mr. Howard Carter, apparently the only one of the Tutankhamen excavators to escape the mysterious curse, announces his intention of exploring new fields with the object of finding the tomb of Alexander the Great. It seems a little hard that these dead kings should not be allowed to rest in peace, but there is penalty, I suppose, for the glamour of having been buried thousands of years ago in a gold coffin. Anyhow, posterity will never bother to dig up the present generation! And that, bar the outward and homeward flight of the gallant Duchess of Bedford and a few stray new engagements, is about all the new news of the last few days.

\* \* \*

But the weddings have been and are too many to keep track of. It is difficult enough at this time of the year to remember the



MR. JAMES AND LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY AND MR. T. FINLAY

At the wedding presentation at Dungavel by the Duke of Hamilton's tenants. Mr. T. Finlay is one of his Grace's oldest tenants, and the presentation was delayed until Lady Drummond-Hay was able to visit her father's house after her recent marriage



THE INTERNATIONAL POLO TEAM, 1930

Major G. Phipps-Hornby (No. 1), Captain C. T. I. Roark (No. 2), Captain C. H. Tremayne (No. 3), and Mr. H. P. Guinness (back), the International Team v. America as at present constituted, and which played the first of its trial games at the Beaufort Polo Club at Norton

Regiment, a grandson of the late Lord Cross.

\* \* \*

Except for the weddings London was rather lifeless last week as far as entertaining went. Many had not returned after Easter, and a few were up at Newmarket for the first meeting of the year, at which the new tote seems to have delighted all the backers. Probably we shall be feeling a little gayer by the time you get this, when the opera season will already have started, Epsom's spring meeting will be half over, and the opening of the Academy will be the next thrill in store for us. But even the quietest week has its bright moments, which shine all the brighter by contrast, and Mr. Lionel Fielden sprang nobly into the breach by giving a very specially good cocktail party at his house in Wilton Street. It is one of those delightful two-storeyed houses with a big central hall which we all envy because so few of us possess one. Really comfortable and well-designed houses like this are scarce.

(Continued on p. 192)

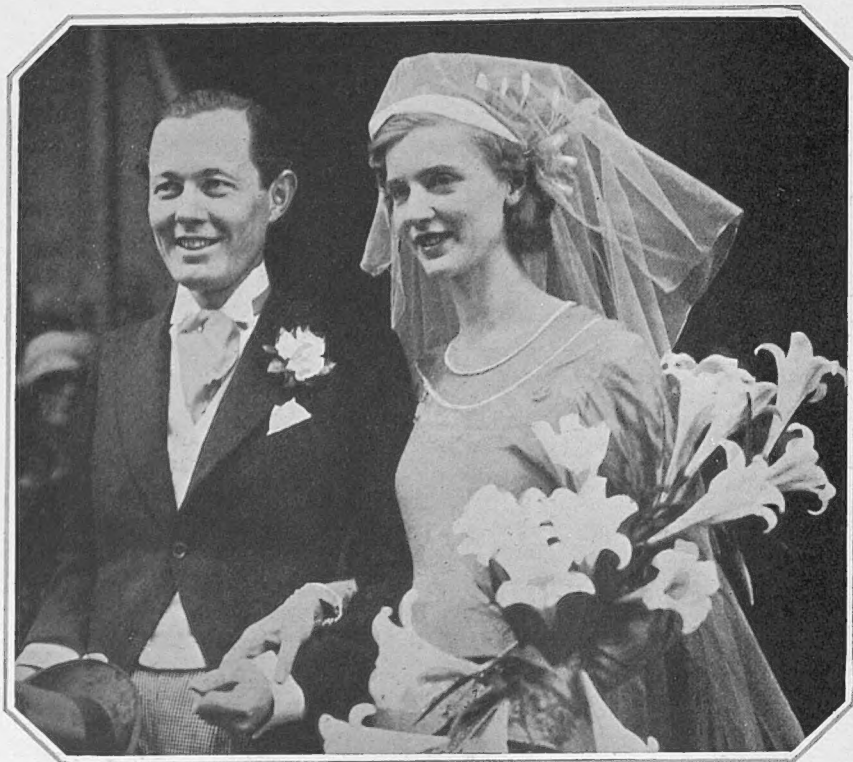
c 2



LADY ELEANOR SMITH AND LADY BIRKENHEAD

Who have just arrived home from Biarritz in consequence of Lord Birkenhead's illness. Lord Birkenhead is now better





MR. AND MRS. RONALD BALFOUR

The bride at last week's big wedding at Westminster Cathedral was Miss Deirdre Hart-Davis, daughter of Mr. Richard Hart-Davis and of the late Mrs. Hart-Davis. Mrs. Ronald Balfour is a niece of Mr. Duff Cooper and Lady Diana Cooper, as Mrs. Hart-Davis was a sister of Mr. Duff Cooper. The bridegroom, Mr. Ronald Egerton Balfour, is the only surviving son of Brigadier-General Sir Alfred Balfour, K.B.E., C.B., and Lady Balfour

I was a little embarrassed when I first arrived by being asked by a strange young man, in the hearing of my host, whether I liked cocktail parties. I replied that I didn't usually, but that I thought I might quite possibly enjoy this one. For in a hurried look round I had seen several people whom it is always a joy to look at or to talk to. First, of the former lovely little Lya de Putti with her big melting eyes. Her great ambition, now that she has made a fortune in films, is to go on the stage in England, and she is staying here to perfect her English. And secondly, young Serge Lifar, that genius of the Russian Ballet, now in Mr. Cochran's revue. He is a delightfully simple and unaffected person, quite unspoilt, as he might so easily have been, by his success. We were both agreed in wishing that some of the older ballets could be revived.

First of the latter, by which I mean those who are a delight to talk to or be talked to by, was Mr. Compton Mackenzie. He is as enchanting to meet as he is to read, and that is saying a good deal. Most people know about his passion for buying islands, an expression of his love of freedom and independence, and he now possesses four scattered about in various seas. His only regret in life is that he did not live in the middle of the eighteenth century. However he admits that that regret has not prevented him from enjoying and making the very most of his present existence. Other rather specially bright people whom I found at Mr. Fielden's house were Mr. Anthony Asquith, our chief British film hope, Mr. David Tennant, Madame Nikitina, and Mr. Ernest Thesiger, who was weighing the respective merits of being elderly and remarkable or young and attractive.

The arrival of May will be the signal for the real start of debutante dances and charity functions. Next week, with Lady Lansdowne's, Mrs. Henry McLaren's, Lady Hardwicke's, and Lady Howard de Walden's dances for their respective daughters and nieces will be a full one. And the week after there is the big *matinée* on Monday at the Avenue Pavilion, organized by Lady Carlisle and her efficient helpers for the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies, at which Princess Mary has promised to be present. Lady Carlisle is quite one of the very best of executive chairmen, and has been working unceasingly with Lady Queensberry to make a success of this *matinée*. I think the best part of the programme, which is a

## THE LETTERS OF EVE

—continued

very attractive one altogether, is the series of tableaux of children's pictures painted by famous artists. Lady Queensberry has been making herself specially responsible for these, and her own small girl, Lady Jane Douglas, is to be Denning's Queen Victoria.

Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth's two little daughters will appear as "Elizabeth and Philadelphia," Wharton. And there will be two other pictures of his—"Mary Stuart," who will be represented by Miss Grania Guinness, and "William of Orange" by Mrs. Gerard Leigh's younger daughter Peggy; and "The Balbi Children," who will be done by Mrs. Henry Mond's three children. Then there is to be Titian's "Daughter of Strozzi" by Mrs. Cunliffe-Owen's little girl, Bellini's "Infant Bacchus" by one of Lady Violet Benson's boys, Reynolds' "Age of Innocence" by Lady Cambridge's small daughter, and Hoppner's "Sackville Children," and a good many others, making about twenty tableaux altogether. Lady Carlisle and her husband are back now in London after spending about a week down at Blickling, one of the most beautiful of all the beautiful houses in Norfolk.

tiful houses in Norfolk.

I see that the Open Dog Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association is only a fortnight off, for it is fixed at Olympia for the 14th and 15th. The second day is the best for the ordinary visitor, as by then all the dogs have been judged and are to be seen in their stands, and it is then that the specials for the best dogs in the Show are awarded, after which there is a parade of champions. Also on the second day there are Obedience classes for Alsations and some Children's classes for which Princess Helena Victoria has promised to present the prizes. Lady Kathleen Pilkington is chairman of the L.K.A., and Lorna, Lady Howe, is chairman of the Show Committee, so it will all be extremely well run.—All my love to you dearest, yours ever, EVE.

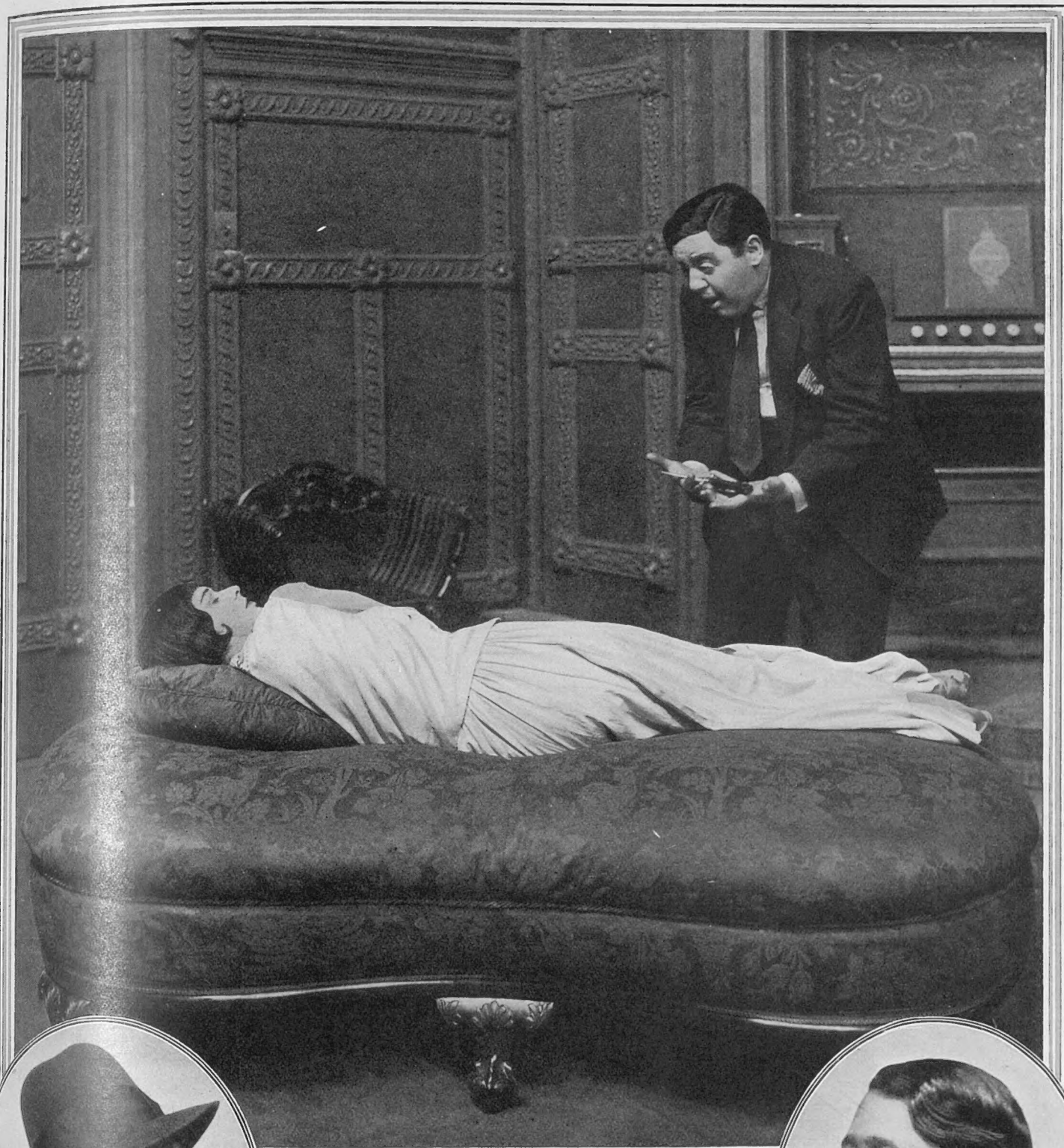


LADY DIANA COOPER

At the wedding of her niece, Miss Deirdre Hart-Davis, to Mr. Ronald Balfour last week. Lady Diana Cooper went on afterwards to Mrs. Oppenheimer to discuss plans for Geranium Day in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind



## A CHICAGO DOGE OF CRIME



MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON AS TONY PERELLI

MINN LEE'S SUICIDE IN "ON THE SPOT": MISS GILLIAN LIND AND MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON

Tony Perelli, gangster, gun-man, jacketeer, and wholesale murderer in Mr. Edgar Wallace's vivid Chicago thriller at Wyndham's, after "bumping off" at least seventeen of his business rivals and some others, including the protector of the lovely Maria, is "got" for a murder he has not committed. Minn Lee, his little Chinese mistress, is so distressed at his faithlessness that she cuts her throat. The "cops" "pinch" Tony just the same in the certainty that a sentimental Chicago jury will send him to an only too well-deserved fate. The acting of Mr. Charles Laughton is one of the features in this thrilling play

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.



MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON—ANOTHER STUDY





GEORGE BANCROFT AND MARY ASTOR

In the new film "Ladies Love Brutes," in which the former plays the brute and the latter one of the ladies. Mary Astor is one of the most beautiful actresses on the movies, and made her screen debut when she was fifteen. She is now twenty-four

THIS week it is necessary that something should be said. That something concerns the film called *Journey's End*, and how the play from which it is adapted came to be a world-wide success. How exactly did this happen? There is only one person in the world who really knows, and it is unfortunate that that person cannot publish the facts without dragging himself into the limelight. However, "this eternal blazon must not be," as the ghost of Hamlet's father said. But ghosts are notoriously poor at the publicity business. There are times, too, when a man must not shrink from publicity. That old astronomic bore, the watcher of the skies, does not keep him mum when some new planet makes its fish-like appearance, i.e. swims into his ken. He does not complain of the absence of fish. He does not even cry "Stale fish!" What he does is to raise a whoop of joy, proclaim that he has bagged a whale, and risk fame coming to him as an expert angler. I am going to risk obloquy by saying straight out that if it hadn't been for poor little insignificant me, *Journey's End* would have been a complete and utter failure. So there!

That great philosopher, Mr. George Graves, has observed that no steak-and-kidney pie can be considered a real success unless it contains at least one bit of kidney. By the same process of reasoning I shall assume that no statement can be considered really proved unless the maker of that statement can adduce at least one little bit of evidence. Very well then. I was standing at the corner of the street watching a crowd of thin, lank, bespectacled intellectuals fighting listlessly to get into the Stage Society's matinee of *Journey's End*. "Coming?" asked my friend, George Bishop. "Hell, yes!" I replied, wishing that the Stage Society would go and bury its head in the sand like the Phoenix. At five o'clock I emerged feeling all the enthusiasm that Bishop looked. Let it be said here with some conviction that I do not believe and never have believed *Journey's End* to be a major work of genius. I should always have hesitated to compare it with, say, *The Trojan Women* or *The Dynasts*. But in December, 1928, I was sick to death of American films showing how the War centred in some Flanders flapper. At this time the makers of war-films attempted nothing beyond drawing Clara Bow at a venture. *Journey's End* did something more. It showed us a number of credible people engaged in a credible way in the incredible business of war. Now for some secret history. In the foyer Bishop and I met three of the best-known London theatre-managers, men who would not jib at finding £20,000 of somebody else's money for a show to be called *Pink Shrimps*. Bishop and I took these three managers by their six ears; in fact we took quite a handful of ears. We both pointed to the dazed and staggered audience. Then I appealed to their better selves, and was enlarging upon the play's merits, when Bishop gently remarked that a £5 note would cover the production, and that nobody in the cast was, so to speak, anybody. The three managers shook their long ears and said

# The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE

## A Tootle on the Trumpet

simply that the play was too good for the beastly rotten public. They had, they said, "had some before." Upon which cryptic utterance Bishop and I took our leaves, not without a touch of asperity. "Bless and fondle them!" I said. "However, it's my turn on the wireless to-night, and I'll just give them socks." "Don't forget the public," said Bishop. "Give them a bit of it too." I did. I tore up the talk which I had so carefully prepared, and in hot haste I scribbled down an account of the play which I had that afternoon seen on the stage. I told the public that this was "a marvellous play." It wasn't, and it isn't, being no more than an extremely sincere piece of good and clever craftsmanship. But in a world in which everybody shrieks, the normal conversational tone has ceased to be any good. I went on to describe the interview with the three managers, and how if the managers had had any confidence or ground for confidence in the public they would not have turned down this play. "And so," I concluded, "you see what comes of not going to good plays and of flocking to *Tickling Topsy*." But this mild bombshell was nothing in comparison with the one I dropped a fortnight later on hearing that Mr. Maurice Browne had bought the play. It was again a case of "me for the mike." I then said that Mr. Browne was a complete ass, that if he put £10,000 into the play he would lose them, and that if he put up fivepence he would lose that sum also. I begged to inform the public that it was completely unworthy of the treat which Mr. Browne proposed to offer it, that I had told Mr. Browne this, and advised him to take the play off after the dress-rehearsal and before the first performance. Deliberately and for full fifteen minutes I taunted listeners with every conceivable kind of insult, and so successfully that next day I received scores of abusive letters concluding with some such postscript as: "To prove you are wrong, I have taken seven tickets for the second night." The next day I received more abusive letters with postscripts saying that tickets had been taken for the fourth night as the writers couldn't get in earlier! The cold, calm, astonishing truth is that the public was goaded and stung into taking an immediate interest in this play. That's all, and it's enormous. The average female, the morning after a new musical comedy has been produced, says to her husband: "My dear, you really must get tickets for *Waddling Ducks*. There's a wonderful scene in which Leslie Henson shuts up like an umbrella!" But when a good play is produced the same female, seeing no mention of frocks, turns to "To-day's Recipe." Females rule the theatre, and I know by my post-bag that it is the ladies who listen. Hang it, they must listen sometimes. In the normal way they would have commanded tickets for *Journey's End* when they couldn't get them for anything else and after three weeks. And in three weeks it would have been dead.

Now there is no merit in all this. Nobody can boost a bad play, and this play was good enough to run when once it had got a start. And in the theatre the start is ninety-nine hundredths of the battle. Without the thousands of wireless listeners who bombarded the box office before the Press got busy, this play must have failed. I have proof that it was wireless listeners who provided the audience during those first and, in the case of a really good play generally fatal, three weeks. I don't want any thanks from anybody, but I do want the facts known, and so far there has not been the smallest whisper about them. I am not offended or surprised. Nor do I imagine that Mr. James Whale, who so brilliantly produced both the play and the film, is surprised or offended that his name should be omitted from the Tivoli programme. That is the way of theatre and film. Having stated the facts, I propose to return contentedly to my normal obscurity, merely stating that *Journey's End* is the best film considered as the photograph of a play I have ever seen, that it is more moving than the play, that it has been transferred to the screen with the greatest possible tact and discretion, that Mr. Colin Clive gives a stupendous performance, and that nobody else in the film is better than middling. With reference to the foregoing, Hollywood papers please copy.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xxxvi





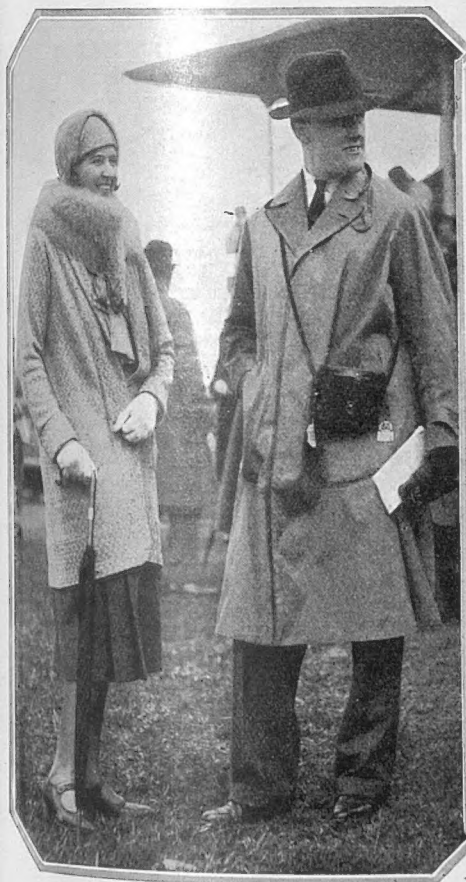
AT HEADFORT HOUSE

## The Camera in Ireland

A group taken at Lord and Lady Headfort's place in Co. Meath shortly before their only daughter, Lady Millicent Tylour, married Mr. Henry Tiarks at Westminster Cathedral on April 28. The bride and bridegroom are seen on the right of the front row standing beside Mr. Peter Tiarks and Miss Myra Tiarks. Behind are Lord and Lady Bective, Lord and Lady Headfort, and Mrs. Boylan, and also included are Sir Thomas Stafford, Mr. and Mrs. Pollock, Sir William Hickie, Lord Farnham and his daughters, Lord William Tylour, Captain and Mrs. Tisdall, Lord Fitzwilliam, Sir Frederick Moore, and Father Flynn



H.E. MRS. McNEILL AND GENERAL SIR BRYAN MAHON AT FAIRYHOUSE



ALSO AT FAIRYHOUSE: LADY BECTIVE AND SIR ANTHONY WELDON AND (right) SIR THOMAS AND LADY AINSWORTH

The Ward Union Hunt races at Fairyhouse on Easter Monday is a fixture which always attracts a considerable following for it includes the Irish Grand National, won this year by Mr. G. R. P. Gilpin's Fanmond. Mrs. McNeill, the wife of the Governor-General, enjoys good racing and brought a large party from Viceregal Lodge. Sir Bryan Mahon, a popular Kildare personality, is a former C-in-C. of the British forces in Ireland. Lady Bective spent Easter with her in-laws at Headfort, and Sir Anthony Weldon had also crossed the Irish Channel to pay a week-end visit to Kilmorony, his place near Athy. Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Master of the Tipperary Hounds, ran Innisfall in the Fairyhouse Plate, but was out of luck

Photographs by Vyvyan Poole, Dublin



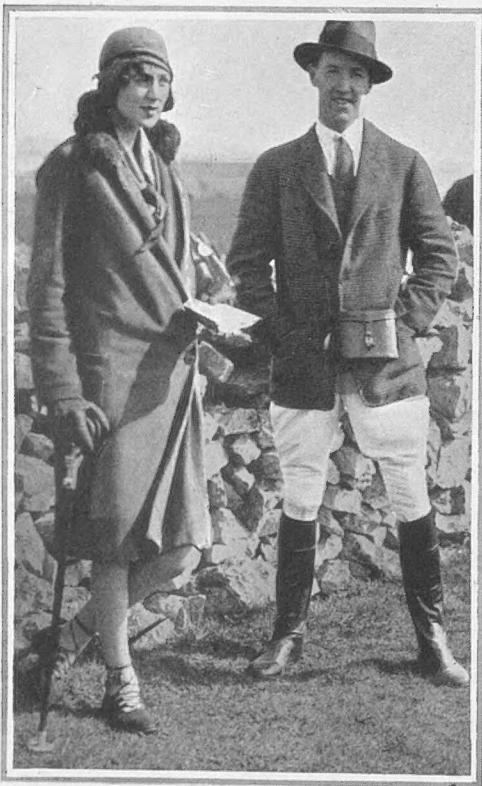
# RACING RAGOUT

By "Guardrail"

RACING on Easter Monday Bank Holiday caters for everyone, there being a meeting of one sort or another every few miles all over England, with the Totalisator at, I believe, no less than seventeen. I was much struck with the efficiency and initiative of the staff of this organization at a point-to-point meeting shortly before Easter. The booths looked like, and probably were, converted winter cattle pens. The first race started half-an-hour late as the favourite hadn't arrived, the second started when the farmers' lunch was over, while the third started dead on time so as to cut out a mean subscriber who was still walking back after a fall on the far side of the course. The Nomination Race was won by the narrowest of margins, and the officials omitted to put any winning number in the frame, but on a very lame and collarless gentleman shouting "Orl ryeet," paying-out started immediately on what the majority considered had won. This would seem to be a rash proceeding after the scene created a few days before, when the judge who, selected because he owned the biggest park and the most coverts in the neighbourhood, after watching a close finish between a black and a grey, gave as his decision, "The piebald won it, but I couldn't see his number cloth."

Getting to and from a Bank Holiday meeting is the curse of the thing. On the roads one meets a continuous stream of those who, having purchased a car on the Thursday in Holy Week for a tenner down and half-a-crown a week for life, have only had time to get as far as the fourth of the course of twelve easy driving lessons by post. One would think that it could only be an even money bet whether they put the wheel the right way or the wrong way, but apparently the force of capillary attraction comes in. Ali Baba, Dick Turpin, and the Tote always looked like public benefactors compared to insurance companies, but after motoring sixty miles to Kempton I'm not so sure.

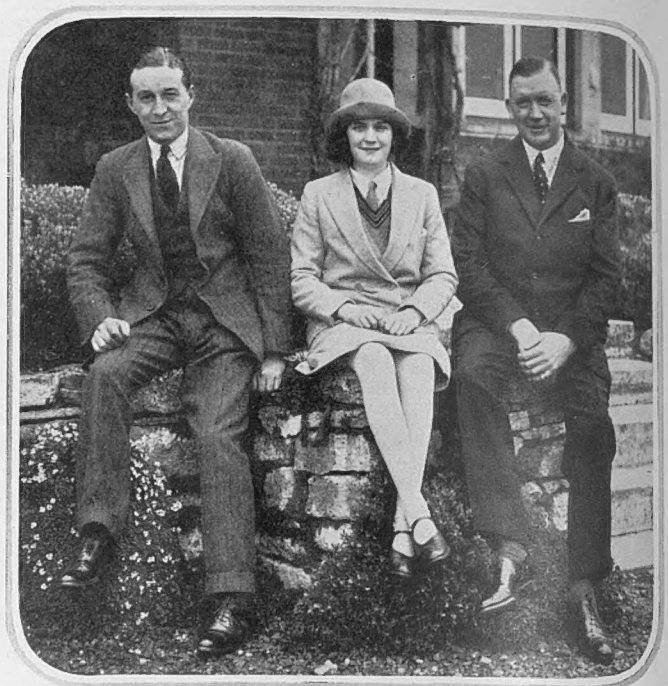
The alternative is to go by train, in which the first-class carriages have the distressing if necessary aroma of lukewarm lysol, while the third on a hot day have all the full natural odour of a basket of pups, as "Pitcher" so aptly describes it.



MR. AND LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY

At the High Peak Harriers Point-to-Point at Flagg Mead near Buxton. The background is one of the walls which abound in this country, and cause people to hunt their horses in knee-caps. Mr. Filmer-Sankey is Joint Master of the South Notts

It was in a corner of one of the former that a disgruntled little Yid, the owner of a small S.P. office, was recounting his woes. Apparently he was going bad, very bad, and the appearance of his landlord in the office to ask for "a bit of the old" could be met with nothing but sheer bluff. Giving his creditor a cup of tea, he explained that as his business was run on the highest lines and only with the cream of the élite, credit was the backbone of the whole thing. The Duchess had gone away for Easter, which accounted for her cheque being late; the



W. A. Rouch

TOM CULLINAN, MOLLY HARTIGAN, AND FRANK HARTIGAN

A happy group at Weyhill, where Frank Hartigan trains and from whence he sent out both Shaun Goilin, the Grand National winner, and Kakushin, the winner of the Champion. Tom Cullinan rode both of them, and his engagement is just announced to Miss Lola Pratt, daughter of Willie Pratt, the Chantilly trainer

Marquess, the most punctual of droppers, had gone abroad, while the Earl's executors had not yet obtained probate of the will. Just at this juncture the door burst open with the inrush of a grimy gasman. "Ere, mate," he broke out, "wot won the three-thirty?" and without further encouragement he strode to the tape machine. Remarking "The pleading basket, not in the first three, put my dollar on the slate," he stamped out, and as a gasfire is to an S.P. attic what the sun is to the universe, on the slate it had to go. How often is a bluff defeated by an unlucky draw like this to an inside straight. The great thing about Bank Holiday racing is that wires cannot, I believe, be delivered after 10 a.m., so that the S.P. job merchants can make hay. One always likes to think of someone bringing off a coup, and it makes one's mouth water to think what Mr. Boydie Davis may have won on Ecilath and Ready Response at 20's and 8's. Lord Woolavington I understand only bets very small, but his two winners at 100 to 6 and 4 to 1 make a nice double, and the two did great credit to Victor Gilpin, particularly the former, who is rather a savage and up to now has been a disappointment.

Running in the mile selling at Kempton was an old friend of mine, Esca, whose rooted objection to leaving the gate is the only bar to his being a brilliant plater. He has always persisted in this despite all prayers, entreaties, and coercion; indeed one of his many trainers is said to have once got him out of the gate at home by the timely discharge of a charge of No. 10 shot into his stern from a walking-stick gun as the gate went up. On the next occasion this sagacious friend of man left the gate like a flash, only however to stop completely when he had judged to a yard that he was out of sparrow-hail range. It is amusing to watch his owner, each time he runs, trying to take up an advantageous position from which he can see if the horse gets off, and bet if he does.

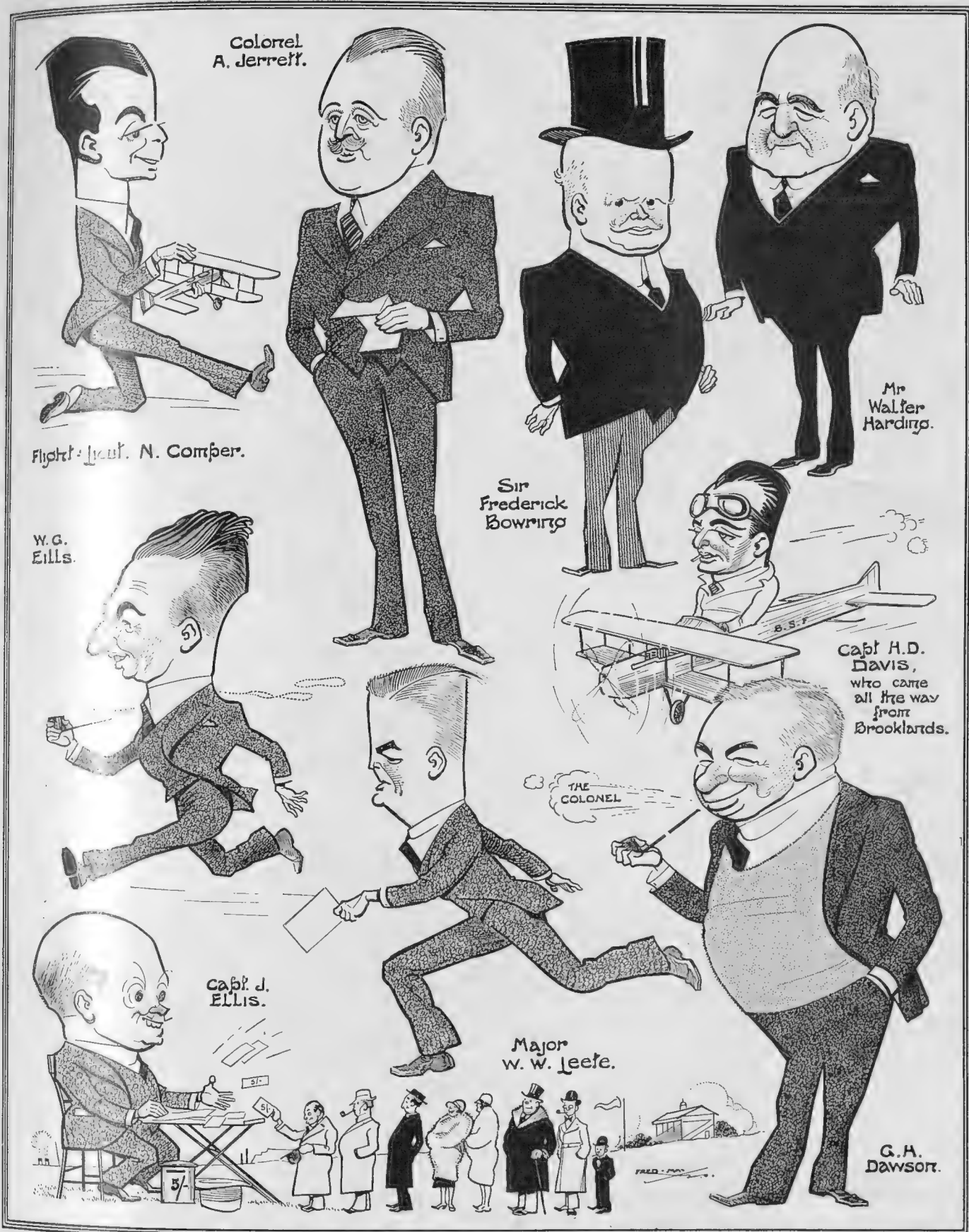
The Molyneux and Brocklesby form has now been well discounted. Tourmaline was defeated at Leicester with a very moderate lot on her heels, and Pharian, who ran like a rank non-stayer, was defeated with consummate ease at Kempton by Ready Response, which is the best out so far.

Newmarket will possibly produce a good one, and also possibly clear up the three-year-old form a bit, but for that we shall have to wait till after the Guineas. Though he probably beat nothing, his method of doing so makes Strongbow the best three-year-old we have seen out this year.

The as ever vain effort of one of the jumping fraternity to avoid the tipstaff by climbing out of the window reads quite like the efforts of fifty years ago, when another brother of the pigskin, by writing "Closed by order of the coroner" on his door and using only the fire-escape ladder, contrived to remain at large for some months. It is always comforting to think that one 100 to 6 winner puts us all back in the game again.



## THE LIVERPOOL AND DISTRICT AERO CLUB



## THE PRESIDENT AND OTHER CELEBRITIES—BY FRED MAY

The Hon. Lady Bailey, the most noted air-woman of her day, performed the opening ceremony at Hooton Aerodrome, the headquarters of the Liverpool and District Aero Club. Sir Frederick Bowring is the Club's President, Colonel A. Jerrett its Chairman, and its Secretary is Captain J. Ellis. All the other people in this gallery are committee or keenly interested members. Hooton Aerodrome was equipped by the Government during the War at a cost of over £100,000, and the Liverpool Corporation turned it down when it was offered to it as Liverpool's air port, and Speke was selected as the site. The Liverpool and District Aero Club have profited and have greatly embellished things with a polo ground, covered tennis and badminton courts in the hangars, and various other amenities. It is a place to which to point in the coming summer. Mr. Buchan always permitting!





"KIPPER"

The great poet of Empire, who is notably camera-shy, was shot after dawn when he was aboard the S.S. "Lady Rodney" during the voyage from Kingston to Jamaica. But for "The Widow of Windsor" it was certain that Rudyard Kipling would have been Poet Laureate. Who knows what may happen now that Dr. Robert Bridges is dead

our lives! Yet the curious thing is how quickly people forget the agonized disturbances they went through during these times. Because they are natural they have, thanks to the germ of Puritanism which still breeds within us, become to be regarded as something shameful. We would die sooner than own to any untoward emotion going on within us. Well, who knows? Perhaps more and more lemon juice will solve those problems for us which philosophy seemingly cannot touch and religion only helps to irritate. At any rate, the tragedy of these two periods has scarcely ever been touched upon; that is to say, in dignity and understanding. Yet we need sympathy much more when we are foolish than when we are wicked, or what passes in our neighbours' minds for wickedness. Adolescence, for example, is confined either to books of quasi-medical advice or to the sickly sentimentality of romantic fiction. In "The Love Diary of a Boy" (Humphrey Toulmin. 8s. 6d.), Mr. Shaw Desmond has sincerely tried to tell us some of the violent inner-upheaval of a boy's growing-up. Yet he only tells a small part of that illogical two-coloured period of a man's life. His boy is too neurotic to be average. He can write: "Saved again and the pimple much smaller. There is a God!" and immediately afterwards grow almost lyrical over a girl's knees. He is converted back to God on the average of about once a week, but a piece of naked female flesh immediately makes a new conversion necessary all over again. He is rather like a young super-sexed Methodist of the narrower persuasion. Consequently religion

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Richard King

### The Sometime Tragedy of Growing-up.

MANY a man, suffering from uric acid, has, I suppose, imagined himself to be a victim of the gods. Uric acid makes you feel like that. And now Mr. Bertrand Russell informs us that childish viciousness may be cured by lemon juice. So that in the years to come maybe we shall qualify for Heaven, not by prayer and fasting, but by a virtuous menu. And we shall read some such advertisements as this: "Take Vertrine and Keep Faithful," or "Give Your Wife Vico and Divorce Her." As it is, we too often live in mental torment which has no cause in the mind, but is the inevitable result of physical changes. So that, in reality, the unaccountable things we do in adolescence and middle-age should be forgiven us. They are merely symptoms of the pains of growing-up and of growing old. Consequently, they should be judged from that standpoint. As it is we torment ourselves and are tormented, and there is no sympathy for us, consequently no understanding. Yet often from these two drastic changes we may date the complete "hash" which sometimes we make of

and legs are magnified out of all proportion. His wretchedly youthful mind is for ever being haunted by hell on the one side and harlots on the other. His restlessness I could explain in ways purely physical, only people are so silly if anyone hits out at truth below the belt so to speak. He is Irish. He comes to England and to London to earn his living. For a short while London is lovely and the English lovelier still. After which, London is beastly and Englishmen brutish. So he returns to Ireland. At the same time his parents alternate between being idols and being idiotic; it depends upon the inner urge of the moment. Once more back in Ireland he takes up one job with enthusiasm, drops it in loathing, takes up something else in joy, and discards it in jubilation. In the meanwhile, since what the boy does matters little, his thoughts are forever in a torment between saintliness and sexuality. Mr. Shaw Desmond is however to be congratulated on calling his spades very deliberately what they are, though doubtless many of his readers will feel inclined to write to Mr. James Douglas, that guardian of middle-aged "grails," to tell him all about it. As a matter of fact it is always much wiser as well as cleaner to face the truth, seeking to understand its unanswerable reality rather than turn one's back on it, call it names; pretending that by doing so it must necessarily come to be regarded as sewage for ever more. All the same, except as some hysterical study of a somewhat hysterical phase of adolescence the book is curiously unmoving. One feels it rather difficult to like this boy who in this "true story" reveals himself in its pages. It is however quite in order that much of it makes us laugh. Adolescence, the things it does, the thoughts it plays with, are often laughable; that is, of course, after you have passed through its spiritual and physical growing pains, to realize that reality isn't so terrible nor so wonderful after all—unless suppression makes us think it so.

\* \* \*

### More and More Murders.

Seemingly one may rely upon at least two books devoted entirely to murders and murderers being published each season. Apparently the public never tires of reading and re-reading the same crimes over and over again, with no fresh light thrown on any of them, and always with a few Continental assassinations, which, in parenthesis, always seem dull beside our own, thrown in to fill out the volume. Sometimes I wish that an enterprising author would compile a book on the murdered for a change. The victims are always a kind of sawdust image, in any story of crime. But I suppose they had their feelings just as you and I have, even though nobody seems to consult their probable opinion on the subject of capital punishment, whether or no! As it is, too many writers of these books recount the same murders, as if there were only a round dozen of the worst, which are the best, in all the calendar of crime. The better among them, however, are those who do at least put forth some interesting theory of their own regarding the criminal's innocence or guilt, and who do at any rate drag out once more into the light of day murders which are not as familiar as "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." Mr. Arthur Lambton is certainly one of these. His book, "Thou Shalt Do No Murder" (Hurst and Blackett. 18s.), tells us quite a lot of information about murderers and their crimes which is unknown to the general public. For example, that but for chance, Armstrong might have become a welcomed



Claude Harris

MISS OLIVE WADSLEY

The first woman who looped the loop in an aeroplane and also the first woman to go up in a Zeppelin. This latter happened in 1913. In addition to these distinctions Miss Olive Wadsley is a very famous authoress, whose career we are proud to say started in this paper

(Continued on p. 200)



# THE LIMIT

By George Belcher



*George Belcher*

School-teacher (to parent whose son has failed in entrance exam.): Will your boy be young enough to take the examination again next year?

Parent: Oh yes, he was only just illegible this year

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

member of the famous Crimes Club. In recounting the Pearcey murder he lays stress on that mysterious advertisement which Mrs. Pearcey had inserted in Spanish newspapers after her death: "M. E. C. P.—Last Wish of M. E. W. Have not betrayed." One wonders, yet now can only guess, what was her intention and what light the reason behind it might have played on the possibility of her having an accomplice in the killing of Mrs. Hogg. He also gives us a very interesting analysis of the evidence which sent Mrs. Maybrick to penal servitude for the murder of her husband. It certainly leaves us with the impression that the sentence was by no means a miscarriage of justice. Like most men who make a study of murder he believes that Mrs. Thompson should never have been hanged, all the evidence, including the medical inquest on Mr. Thompson's body, going to prove that she was no actual working-partner in the dual crime. Probably, had she been mean or unwise enough to keep the letters which she received from Bywaters, she might never have gone to her death in such pitiful circumstances that the hangman vowed he would never hang another woman. At the end of the book, however, there is for me, the story of a mystery which I had never heard of before. Namely, the sudden disappearance of a young man who had invented a process whereby the oil in wool might become fixed. The process was so successful that the man, who was going to finance it, gathered together all his rival woollen-manufacturers to gloat over their "ruin." But after that dinner-party the young inventor vanished and was never heard of again! It is by these unusual items that Mr. Lampton's book is worth half a library of other volumes in the same *genre*. It is all very interesting and consequently readable to a degree; providing of course, you yourself are interested by stories of real crime. As, to be quite truthful, most of us are.

#### An Unusual and Rather Beautiful Story.

To read a book which everybody is reading, or has read, always to be asked, "Oh, have you read so-and-so? What do you think of it?" is rather like being introduced to a friend's friend with the assurance that you will simply get on together like the proverbial house on fire. You start prejudiced, with an absurd undercurrent of resentment. In the human example you generally take an immediate dislike to each other. Anyway I began to read Mr. J. L. Campbell's much-read new novel, "The Miracle of Peille" (Collins. 7s. 6d.), in a far more critical spirit than I should have done had not nearly all my friends assured me it was wonderful. Well, it isn't wonderful, but it is a very charming, a beautiful little story. A little arty-and-crafty in its beauty, if you understand what I mean? but simply written and with real sincerity. You cannot easily forget this tale of a little crippled girl, living in the lonely village of Peille behind Monte Carlo, and how she was inspired to perform miracles; and how some Americans persuaded her to visit the States as a music-hall turn; and how she failed, returning home to her death, yet still assured of canonization. This is only the very briefest outline of a story which is strangely moving without ever being mawkish; which has a sense of spiritual beauty rare in modern novels, and which is tender and undeniably lovable. If you have not already done so, read it at once.

#### Another Good Novel.

"Courage for Martha" (Secker. 7s. 6d.), by Barbara Blackburn, is another new novel which is well worth reading. Poor Barbara was the illegitimate child of a clergyman's daughter, who gave birth to her at the tag-end of those years when to be found out was the one unforgettable sin. The girl's origin was, however, concealed from her until she was grown up. Her father's family ignored her; her mother's suffered her in disgrace. One of her dead mother's friends brought her up, looked after her education; wove around her that polite fiction which is the kindest lie; was, indeed a mother to her. But the main part of the story is laid in London during the War. Martha, employed in a Government Office, has a hectic time. Miss Blackburn's picture of Government offices in War time is at once amusing and devastatingly cynical, but perfectly true. However, not as a decorative member of musical comedy kind of office did Martha require her courage. It was after she had

married Garry, the only remaining son of very wealthy parents, who knew all about her parentage and detested their son's marriage, that her character was really tested. For she loved Garry. She bore him a child. For a long time he was reported missing, presumed killed. She was poor. She had no family of her own, and her husband's family refused to acknowledge her. She had to work for herself and her child, buoyed up only by the belief that one day her husband would return. As a creation of real character Martha is a most successful achievement. There is nothing extraordinary about her; but that, of course, is the kind of heroine the most difficult of all to create. She was a curious jumble of strength and weakness, wisdom and foolishness, better sides and worse—just, in fact, as most of us are. Miss Blackburn tells her story, too, with a dry, almost cynical sense of humour which makes her novel, nothing very original in regard to its plot, stand out well above the common rut of novels. And yet she can be as sentimental and as sympathetic as need be when the occasion arises. Briefly, she has made of an almost ordinary story

something extremely clever; don't miss reading it.

#### Thoughts from "Courage for Martha."

"The intolerance of bondage is as nothing to the intolerance of emancipation."

"It is often a pity when youth is forced into rebellion, for if one travels against the course of the stream, the chances are that, after years of fight, one will find oneself at the same spot where one started."

"Nothing is valuable when there's no chance of losing it. Living ceases to be valuable if you take away dying."

"Few men can see their own flesh and blood starve, but most men feel injured when their friends ask them for help. A man may have had the worst luck in the world, but we still despise him if he's a failure, and dislike him intensely if we have to help him."

We wish to draw our readers' attention to an appeal on behalf of "The Friends of the Poor" on p. xxxiv of this issue



"Do you know that play made me think?"  
"Yes. It was a most extraordinary play"





Twilight it is, and the far woods are dim and the rooks cry and call,  
 Down in the valley the lamps and the mist with a star over all ;  
 There by the rick where they thresh is the drone at an end.  
 Twilight it is and I travel the road with my friend.

—JOHN MASEFIELD.

DEWEAR'S



WONDERFUL

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ALSO THE DE LUXE WHISKY — "VICTORIA VAT"



## Putt and Take at Le Touquet



MRS. BEVERLEY BAXTER AND  
MRS. WORTHINGTON - EVANS



MR. ROBIN D'ERLANGER, MISS MOLLIE  
GRETTON, AND MISS M. LOEFFLER



MRS. ROBIN D'ERLANGER  
AND SIR EDWARD WARD



MR. JOHN GRETTON AND HIS BRIDE-  
TO-BE, MISS MARGARET LOEFFLER



ANOTHER "CONVERSATION"  
PICTURE: SIR ROBERT  
HORNE LISTENING-IN TO  
SIR PHILIP SASSOON



SIR HUGH SEELY, MRS. DUDLEY WARD,  
AND (RIGHT) MR. STEWART SCHEFTAL

This page reviews some of the participants in the Easter invasion of Le Touquet, which took place according to plan, in spite of the fact that the sun did not provide the support expected. As usual a massed attack was made on the golf course where many stern battles were fought. Digging- was resorted to in some cases, but this method of warfare left the redoubtable Colonel Bogey in a commanding position. Driving forces in the expedition were Mr. and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, whose small daughter Zoe, christened early this month, has Prince George as godfather. Colonel Gretton's son, Mr. John Gretton, and Miss Margaret Loeffler are to be married on May 6 at St. Margaret's, which was where Miss Joan Pears became Mrs. Shirley Worthington-Evans last year. Mr. Stewart Scheftal from U.S.A. won the British Boys' Golf Championship in 1928. Both Mrs. Dudley Ward and Sir Robert Horne left something to chance at the Le Touquet version of baccarat during the Easter week end, while Sir Philip Sassoon did audience to their banking activities. The latter must be very gratified that the recent loan exhibition of "Conversation" Pictures at his house in Park Lane realized over £5,000 for the Royal Northern Hospital, of which he is honorary treasurer





LIEUT. R. R. BENTLEY

The famous R.A.F. pilot, just after he arrived at the Leicestershire Aero Club Pageant in spite of a heavy snowstorm and a full gale. The pageant was more rather than less washed out

heard statements from the Bench implying that all aeroplane pilots should be teetotallers. It is safe to say that those who have made these statements, in common with the great body of moralists and interference specialists who find that the highest satisfaction is to be found in making other people do what you tell them is their duty, have taken no steps to discover what precisely the effects of alcohol are upon flying skill. Magistrates and judges regard themselves as exempt from the rule of reason, and able to issue edicts based solely upon their own lofty and infallible instincts.

But all pilots as well as most of those others who perform acts of skill of whatever kind, whether the driving of motor-cars, motor-boats, or railway trains, will be interested to know what the effects of alcohol upon skill really are, and therefore I propose now to give the results of a number of tests carried out by independent investigators who are sufficiently trained in the scientific method not to allow their benevolence towards the human race to overcome their respect for truth. Tests throwing light upon the effect of drink upon work done are difficult to carry out, because it is essential to eliminate the psychical element. The subject of the test will expect a certain elevation to result from the drinking of wine or spirits, and this expectation may help to produce the elevation. The tests are therefore arranged so that the subject is unaware when he has taken alcohol and when not. Two mixtures are prepared of exactly the same pleasantness or unpleasantness to the taste, but one containing a measured quantity of alcohol and the other containing none. Previous to the tests the subject is given one or other of the two preparations, but only the experimenter knows which.

The results of such tests have been given by C. S. Myers, J. B. Watson, and W. H. R. Rivers. The evidence shows that small doses (5 to 20 c.c.) have no measurable effect upon work done, while medium doses (30 to 40 c.c. or the equivalent of a quarter of a tumbler of brandy) have a slight temporary

# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

## Alcohol and Aviation.

IT is appropriate at this, the time of singing birds and sunshine, when, among the sounds of approaching summer, the nature lover can distinguish the constantly reiterated cry of the species *homo sapiens*: "Come and have one," to consider impartially the effects of drink upon flying skill. Lately we have

beneficial effect. The evidence indicates that the effect of alcohol upon flying and driving skill depends upon the size of the dose taken. With small doses it is possible that the effect may be slightly beneficial. Large doses cause depression of the reflexes, which must be harmful to flying skill. The suggestion that all motor-car drivers and all aeroplane pilots should be teetotallers, therefore, can only have one foundation, the assumption that people are incapable, if they drink at all, of limiting the size of the dose. Over-indulgence in the drinking of water, if carried beyond a certain point, would be as disastrous to flying skill as over-indulgence in wine or whisky. So far as the evidence goes, if people are allowed to exercise free will in the drinking of water, they should also be allowed to exercise free will in the drinking of wine. Over-doses of both are harmful; small doses of both may be slightly beneficial (though some deny this in the case of water). No pressure should be brought to bear upon pilots to become teetotallers on the grounds that thereby their flying skill will be improved, for there are no objective facts to support this view.

\* \* \*

## Duchess of Bedford.

As I write the news comes in that the Duchess of Bedford has completed the first five thousand miles of her flight to Cape Town. The day before she took off from Lympne with

her pilots, Captain C. D. Barnard and Mr. R. F. Little, she made her first solo flight at Woburn Abbey. Her instructor was Mr. Sidney St. Barbe. Her handling of the machine was successful, the landing and the take-off being well judged and accurate. This is a remarkable feat for a woman of



AT THE LEICESTERSHIRE AERO CLUB PAGEANT

Not much of a pageant, as it snowed goose feathers, rained, blew, and made itself generally unpleasant. Included in this group are: A. N. Other, Miss Schumann, Mr Shearing, Captain Davis, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Allen

sixty-four. Her long experience as a passenger has helped. She has experienced nearly all kinds of flying including cross-country flights and aerobatics. I have seen the machine in which she was flying as passenger looped, rolled, and

(Cont. on p. xx)



Photographs by Dale

## ANOTHER LEICESTERSHIRE GROUP

Miss Slade (right) from the Heston Aerodrome, her brother, Mr. W. T. Slade, and Mr. Clifford Marshall. They made a successful forced landing owing to engine trouble twelve miles away from the aerodrome, but turned up for the pageant nevertheless





"TO POINT A MORAL AND ADORN A TALE"

*By Forster*

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Safety Tourer	£445
Saloon	£445
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Drop-Head Coupé	£510

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Tourer	£310
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Saloon	£325
Safety Saloon	£375
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APRIL 30, 1930]



*Dudley Glanfield*  
BENNO MOISEWITSCH AND HIS WIFE



IN THE FILMED "JOURNEY'S END": COLIN CLIVE

## CELEBRITIES

Shortly before leaving for his South African tour Benno Moiseiwitsch, the great pianist, gave a farewell recital at the Palladium, and as usual had a rapturous reception. M. Moiseiwitsch was born at Odessa, but has lived in this country since 1909, when, at the age of nineteen, he made his English debut at the Queen's Hall. He married as his second wife Miss Annie Gensburger

Whether or no the general public will agree with Mr. Sherriff, the author, that "Journey's End" as a sound-film is in some respects better than the play, there can be no controversy about Mr. Colin Clive's "Stanhope." He was fine in the play, but in the screen version his performance is even more gripping and appealing, and the use of many "close-up" studies of his face reveals the personality of the character he presents in a much more sympathetic light. This magnificent film, which follows the play very closely except that the scene is not entirely laid in the dugout, was produced at the Tivoli shortly before Easter. Last week Mr. Frank Vosper made his bow as an actor-manager when he produced "Debonair" at the Lyric Theatre, after collaborating with Miss G. B. Stern in adapting it from her novel of the same name. Mr. Vosper, who took the chief part in his own successful play, "Murder on the Second Floor," also plays the lead in "Debonair." Miss Stern has many novels to her credit, and "The Matriarch," the dramatized version of her "Tents of Israel," had a long run at the Royalty



IN COLLABORATION: G. B. STERN AND FRANK VOSPER

*Peter North*



MLLE. ANDRÉE LAFAYETTE

Arih, Paris

The unforgettable screen Trilby of George Du Maurier's famous novel is now in London, where she is working on the film version of "Lord Richard in the Pantry." She goes over to Paris every Sunday to keep her engagement to appear in "Vautrin," the play from Balzac's great novel. Metro, the dog in the picture, was found by Andrée Lafayette in one of the Metro stations, and has been her close friend ever since

**T**RÈS CHER,—If Mr. Steve Passeur's extremely interesting plays were classified *à la manière de* George Bernard Shaw's, his latest and most successful production would certainly come under the heading "Unpleasant." Given the actual trend of the public's taste, this is no doubt why the general public will have to book its seats "long ahead," and why the narrow streets leading to the Atelier Théâtre are choc-a-bloc every night with all that is *de luxe* and "super" as to car, not to mention the innumerable flivvers that fill up the crannies.

Steve Passeur is an Irishman. He lives and thinks and writes in Paris . . . and in French, but he evidently loves in English, for he is married to a very charming young woman who has the prettiest nose I have ever seen, and who is the daughter of a writer of mystery stories: Mrs. Victor Ricard. Lucky wife! So pleasant to be in the early twenties and possessed of a perfect nose and a famous husband, don't you think? With his flaxen thatch that never lies smooth, and his rosy complexion, Steve Passeur looks more like a canny Scot than the wild Irishman that, from his plays, I presume he must be. One cannot, however, imagine a Scotsman writing *L'Acheteuse*, though Heaven knows the heroine thereof is canny enough . . . at the offset at all events! *L'Acheteuse*, or in other words the spinster-who-bought-herself-a-man, drove a hard bargain and got full money's-worth (would I might convey on these chaste pages the manner of that worth) until, in the course of time, the captive husband was able to pay his debt and liberate himself; it was touch and go that he did so, for he had come to take a certain sadistic pleasure in his plight. (Remember that old wheeze about hugging one's fetters?)

This extremely bare indication of the plot can give you but the poorest idea of the play, but it is impossible for me to go into details. The three Acts are brilliantly written. The way Steve Passeur mingles tragedy and comedy (that is almost buffoonery) is a most amazing feat, and his irony, not to say brutality, send unpleasant (or pleasant, according to one's nature) thrills up and down one's spine. The dangerous rôle of the embittered virgin who grabs when the grabbing is good is played by Madame Simone, the heroine of so many of Henry Bernstein's great successes. She is magnificent. It is a far cry from Ben Jonson and George Farquhar to Steve Passeur, but what a lot of successes the Atelier has culled from the British Isles these last seasons!

*Desert Song* at the Mogador Theatre also comes to Paris from London, even though its birthplace may have been the U.S.A. *Hit the Deck* was a frost over here, but *Desert Song* bids fair to be another *Rose Marie*! What the French critics said about the

## Priscilla in Paris

plot won't bear repeating, but then see what Sir Topaz wrote in "Eve" on April 20, 1927: "The plot . . . is so entirely foolish that you could not, by the wildest stretch of imagination, connect it with either propriety or impropriety," and, further: "Be it noted that this rubbish constitutes the type which, in Mr. Edgar Wallace's judgment, constitutes the 'musical play of the future'!" We can't do better nor that in Paris in the way of scathing criticism, and since the whole corporation (of critics) agrees that Jean St. Granier and Roger Ferréol, the translators, have made the very best of a bad job, that the production is gorgeous, the acting and singing delightful, and the music enchanting, the producers are to be congratulated. Marcelle Denya, of grand opera fame, is a sweet-voiced and most seductive heroine, and after all, even if she doesn't recognize the hero-bandit by his boots, which were a "sure give away," it only goes to show that she is a lass with ideals and that she keeps her eyes on higher things! The *Black Shade* of the original version has become the *Red Shadow*, and the part is sung by Robert Cousinou, whose voice sends little quivers of joy upsey-down one's vertebrae. What with the thrills at the Atelier and the melodious male at the Mogador, *Très Cher*, our spines have been working overtime this week.

Mr. Camille F. Wyn, who is Oscar Hammerstein's representative in Europe, was in Mogador *générale* with his pretty fair-haired wife and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vernon; the latter you remember was responsible for the remarkably excellent translation of *Journey's End* that Wyn and Vernon produced here last autumn. Camille

Wyn, who is a fairly recent newcomer to theatrical circles in Paris, has made good in a short time. He is taking over the management of the new Ambassadeurs Theatre now being built by de Sayag in the Champs Élysées, and from next October, for a period of two years, he will also be the director of the famous Marigny Theatre which belongs to Léon Volterra, who, having bought a new yacht, is off on what Paris hopes will NOT be an Alain Gerbault cruise.

PRISCILLA.



MLLE. MARCELLE DENYA

Arih, Paris

The clever actress of the Paris Grand Opera, who has made a great hit in the French version of "The Desert Song." The matter is referred to in "Priscilla's" notes



# FROM PARIS TO LONDON



MLLE. MIRIELLE PERREY

*Arip, Paris*

A clever young French actress, who is coming to the London Hippodrome very shortly to create the part of a French soubrette in a forthcoming American production in London which, it is said, may be called "Sons of Guns." Mirielle Perrey made her stage debut in legitimate comedy, but has since then developed into a musical comedy and revue star of the first magnitude. In the picture on the left she is seen in her dressing-room at the Folies Wagram, where she was starring in the musical comedy "Rosey." She is at the moment working over-time at the Berlitz School learning English, of which she knew not a word until quite recently



ADMIRAL SIR ERNLE CHATFIELD—After the Naval Officers' race

AN UNADVERTISED RACE—(Left to right) Lieutenant Brian C. Turner, R.N., Lieutenant E. Neville, R.N., Lieutenant Allison, R.N., Miss Radoricich



THE LADIES' RACE—(Left to right) The Hon. Sarah Cust, Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart, Miss Ida Marie

ALSO RANS—Lieut.-Commander R. B. Gossage and Miss Ida Marie



H.E. GENERAL SIR ALEXANDER GODLEY AND MRS. DE LA PASTURE (seated)

## The Calpe Point-to-Point

The Calpe Hunt Point-to-Point, held at Guardacorte, near Algeciras, was an extremely well-attended occasion, as it coincided with the return of the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets immediately after the combined exercises, and the Navy, whose love for a horse has always been a consuming passion, fell in to a man, headed by the C-in-C. the Atlantic Fleet, Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield, who is seen just after a hot engagement in the Naval Officers' Race. H.E. the Governor, who is a warm supporter of the Calpe Hunt, is seen watching the battle. The Hon. Sarah Cust is Lord Brownlow's sister, and Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart is a daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute

Photographs by Chas. E. Brown





### SEÑOR AND SEÑORA ALVARO GUEVARA IN THEIR STUDIO

A husband and wife both working on the same model. Señora Guevara will be better remembered in London Society as Miss Meraud Guinness, and she and her husband, who is a well-known Chilean artist, have their studio in Montmartre. Señora Guevara is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, and is, like her husband, an artist



### AS THEY USED TO BATHE IN THE 'NINETIES

And these dresses are far prettier than the ones which grandma and her daughter used to be compelled to wear. The ladies in this picture, who are appearing in a film called "The Gay 'Nineties," are, left to right: Lenore Bushman, Patricia Garon, Ethel Sykes, Ilka Chase, Marion Davies, and Vivian Oakland. Marion Davies, who plays the star part, is the daughter of a New York judge, and commenced her stage career in the chorus of a musical comedy company, and afterwards became an important Ziegfeld Folly and sat as a model for many well-known American artists. She is yet another of America's blondes, and nowadays a very big film star

# THE PASSING SHOWS

"Suspense,"  
at the Duke of  
York's Theatre



AMONG THE DUCKBOARDS

A silhouette of the slow procession of relieved troops (Act III) wending their weary way, as they think and deserve, to rest and billets after a spell in the trenches made hideous by the threat of being blown sky high by a German mine. A sudden dull roar signals the explosion of the mine and the beginning of the colossal German offensive of March, 1918. "About turn" and "Fix bayonets" are the orders, and back go the tired men into the vortex of the bombardment

CLING-CLONK; cling-clonk; cling-clonk . . . the symphony on two notes persists metallically, methodically, with the soulless, rhythmic fall of Fate. "Jerry's" Sappers are going about their fell purpose, drilling, tunnelling, working like moles in the mud and the darkness. A German mine is being sunk below the British lines. It is March, 1918. Immediately above the mine is a dug-out. "The Ritz" some wag has christened it, scrawling the words in chalk over the doorway. A cushy spot outwardly; yet suspect, after the briefest acquaintance, to the old soldier with a nose for trouble brewed or brewing.

At first Corporal Brown's section of Sergeant McLusky's platoon smelt no rat, except of course the four-legged kind that could be intimidated momentarily with the butt of a rifle. The line was quiet. And in the dug-out there was rum. Plenty of it, left behind by the outgoing tenants. And parcels—chocolate, cake, fags. It seemed too good to be true.

It was. Packs and equipment were forbidden to be removed. Why this "stand to" atmosphere in a dug-out above the ordinary standards of comfort—the trench was originally German, a tribute to its Ideal Home-iness—and a sector abnormally free from shelling?

Private Pettigrew (Mr. Robert Douglas), eighteen, gentleman and rawest of rookies, asked no questions. He was in the trenches at last; the war was "ripping," nothing more; he had a letter to write to his mother (to tell her he was still at the base), and the immediate problem was a simple one. What time did the post go out? It was Lomax (Mr. Sidney Morgan), grouser, Irishman, and old campaigner, whose answer—"twelve ten"—contained more irony than all the strange

oaths and genial blasphemies of an army corps. Lomax, with three wound stripes on his left arm and the blue and red ribbon of the D.C.M. on his battered tunic—pinched, as he solemnly informed the greenhorn, from a "stiff."

And then it began, the regular, remorseless hammering that seemed to come from the very mud beneath their feet. Corporal Brown (Mr. Roland Culver), not a bad sort as lance-jacks go, knew what it meant. So did Lomax, with his unceasing flow of imprecations, the burr of his brogue hardened by the bitterness of the confirmed pessimist. So did Scruffy (Mr. Gordon Harker), cockney, philosopher, wit, and opportunist, as he straddled his legs along the best bed and fumbled for his knitting.

Acquisitiveness was part of Scruffy's outlook on war. It was Scruffy who found the abandoned parcels in the next dug-out; who pulled out from his puttee the biggest spoon for a free nip of rum from the "Corp."; who held the pragmatic view that a watch being of no use to a dead man, had only one place, and that was on the wrist of its owner's best friend. Whose conversation, generally "of personal and private things," turned mainly on women. Scruffy's wife had let him down. Slipped on a land-girl's trousers and gone off the rails with a second lieutenant. Scruffy's baby weighed eleven pounds when it was born. But now it was good-bye to all that. His thoughts, spoken aloud, centred around one topic.

Add "Allelulia" Brett (Mr. Oswald Dale Roberts) silently brooding on hell-fire, Bible in hand, fortifying his Quaker soul with the knowledge that death, if and when it came, would find him ready and repentant; the Sergeant (Mr. Vincent Holman), 6 ft. and the rest of bluster, but a better N.C.O. than most; and Captain Wilson (Mr. Algeron West), a sound company commander, and the party is complete. The rest is a study in "Suspense."

While the drilling went on sleep became gradually impossible, even for Scruffy, whose sock—purl one, plain one—had been knitted and pulled to pieces a score of times. Young Pettigrew didn't drink at



MR. OSWALD DALE ROBERTS

As the silent "Allelulia" Brett, who broods over the Bible, hell-fire, and repentance, while his comrades, listening in the dug-out to the tapping of the enemy's miners below discuss women, war, and "blood-suckers" in the unexpurgated vernacular of the private soldier





MR. ROBERT DOUGLAS

The gentleman-ranker who begins by calling the war "ripping" and ends, after a week of "Suspense," by going mad and bolting for the enemy's wire

For two Acts Mr. Patrick MacGill's play runs on the same note. The only hint of a "story" is of the slenderest. Pettigrew's father is a wealthy mill-owner in the North; the Sergeant's "old man" was once night-watchman until sacked for drunkenness; Captain Wilson is in love with the boy's sister. Thus Sergeant and Captain have ulterior motives for favouritism, a point given dramatic significance by Wilson's impartial orders for rapid fire when Pettigrew, going madly over the top, makes for the German lines, to escape by a miracle the bullets of his own comrades—the promised penalty for "life-saving shell-shock"—and returns with two prisoners at the point of his bayonet.

The rest is atmosphere—horror, boredom, misery, fear—accumulating in the throbbing brains of men caught and held like rats in a trap, waiting for the pause in the subterranean knell to lengthen out into a stillness broken at last by a deafening roar, and then hell in the darkness and the end. A suspense only relieved by the humour and the language of the private soldier. Such "language"—rhyming slang, unprintable songs, frank talk about the Red Lamp parade, the morals of officers, with inevitable jokes (and good ones) about the staff and "blood-suckers"—such language, sung or spoken, has never before been passed by the Censor.

It was not prurience which prompted the thought (long before that cleverly-staged last Act on the duck-board, when there relieved men hear the mine go up and are forced back mid gas and shell-fire into a counter-attack

first; now he was doped with rum and crazy for more. Lomax, his lean hands gripping his forehead, would count "One—two—three" in time to the slow hammering, and then break off into a noisy tirade of curses, till Scruffy, steadily plying his needles, pulled him up by forceful observation or peaceful persuasion. And when the hammering stopped

before the great offensive) that realism more than once came near to defeating its end.

One could carry the plea for restraint a step further. If a brothel meant what it did to Scruffy and the thousands he symbolized, would not the naked truth be served by lifting the veil from one particular phase of life behind the lines? The argument is extreme, and therefore probably fallacious. But the old catch-

phrase that art conceals art remains to be challenged.

Propagandists might plead for a war memorial carved in horrors and the agonies of mortal suffering. The Cenotaph, in its almost absurd simplicity, stands four-square to contradict them, an emblem of modesty whose voice is immortally strong because it is only a whisper. Mr. MacGill is, presumably, no



MR. ROLAND CULVER

As Corporal Brown, the "lance-jack" of the section which is cooped up, like rats in a trap, in a dug-out immediately above a German mine

propagandist, only one who paints but a fragment of a vast canvas with all the crude, vital colours that swam and kindled through the maelstrom. *Suspense* argues that as things were and as men spoke, so let them be told.

The play has tremendous reserves of force, artistry, humour, drama, tragedy. It gives Mr. Gordon Harker, supported by a first-rate cast, a superb chance to draw a living portrait of compelling humanity and charm. It hides a store of supreme courage and stoic sacrifice in a welter of words,

which is just what the private soldier did to keep his pecker up. And so one falls at moments between two stools—as a beholder of the truth and as one who essays to hold the balance between the reality of things about which there can be no sham and the fine limits of illusion as a theatrical quality. "TRINCULO."



MR. GORDON HARKER

Adding another masterpiece to his gallery of cockney character studies. Scruffy—blasphemer, woman-lover, philosopher, opportunist—is a vignette true to life. All through the interminable hours of waiting this master of ribald repartee knits his solitary sock—and then pulls it to pieces and begins all over again



## THE KILDARE HUNT MEETING AT PUNCESTOWN

THE HON. MRS. HENRY WELLESLEY, MISS BARBARA JAMESON,  
AND MISS OLIVE PLUNKETMR. DOMINIC MORE O'FERRALL, LADY WELDON, AND  
MR. CRAMER ROBERTS

The Kildare Hunt "Sportsman's" races were run over the famous Puncestown Steeplechase course, and thanks be, the weather was fine which it is not always in the isle, which has not been called Emerald for nothing. Of those in these snapshots the Hon. Mrs. Henry Wellesley is the wife of the Hon. Henry Wellesley, who has a large racing establishment at Friarstown, The Curragh. Before coming to Ireland Mr. Wellesley was assistant to R. Dawson, the Aga Khan's trainer. Miss Jameson is a daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Bland-Jameson of Straffan, co. Kildare. Miss Jameson had a horse running at this meeting, Indiscretion, which finished third in the Puncestown Challenge Cup. Miss Plunket (the Right Rev. the Hon. Bishop Plunket's daughter) is engaged to Lord Brougham and Vaux, who is one of the tallest peers of the realm. Mr. More O'Ferrall was one of the Stewards of the meeting and Lady Weldon is the mother of Sir Anthony Weldon

MR. CHARLES BECKWITH AND MISS  
DAPHNE DIXONAT THE CO. DOWN POINT-TO-POINT  
MISS ROSEMARY WILSON AND LADY  
MARY MEADELORD GILLFORD AND LADY JANET  
MONTGOMERIE

The Co. Down, who are the only pack of hounds in Northern Ireland, and staghounds at that, held their point-to-point at Newtownards, and it was most successful in every kind of way. Mr. Charles Beckwith and Miss Daphne Dixon are engaged. Miss Dixon is the daughter of Captain the Right Hon. Herbert Dixon, M.P., the Member for East Belfast, who used to be in the Inniskillings. Miss Rosemary Wilson is the daughter of Mr. Minton Wilson, and Lady Mary Meade is the elder of Lord and Lady Clanwilliam's daughters; Lord Gillford is Lord Clanwilliam's son and heir, and Lady Janet Montgomerie is Lord and Lady Eglinton's second daughter

Photographs by Poole, Dublin





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## A REHEARSAL FOR "AÏDA"

*By Clive Upton*

• An impression of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, where the ten weeks' opera season opened on Monday last, April 28. Verdi's "Aida" will be given in June



"JEAL"

By W.







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# The Black Orchid

By E. M. WINCH

Illustrated by LEO BATES

SPARGHOLT met his death climbing in the Himalayas, so we must believe that this story, whispered by coolies over camp fires and across smoky Tibetan hearths when churned tea goes round, is a tale and nothing more; the whole truth is known only to the ancient monk who sits telling his beads among images of Buddha in the monastery of Schuze 'En, near the source of the Taron river, in the high mountains between Burma and Tibet.

Spargholt was a botanist, not the spectacled weakling of the movies, but a big, truculent man who had crossed the forests of the Amazon in search of flora and had been the quarry of head-hunters in Papua; a plant-pirate who would have collected Eden apples strictly in the interests of science; a man with a one-way mind who, able to classify minute differences in a seed-pod, could overlook the broad divergences of human custom, to his own undoing.

He had crossed the pass of Dom-La and was working down towards the Taron river when the first snows of mid-November drove him to take shelter in Schuze 'En; the oblong block of white masonry backed deep into the side of the mountain seemed a haven of refuge as it loomed through a sleety mist, and the hardy little women-carriers seemed immensely glad to gain the lee of its wall.

"This very place, full of good men able to keep snow-demons away," explained Spargholt's body-servant, a Lascar who had learned his tricks in far-off Rangoon, and women backed him up with a chatter of Lisu and Tibetan, neither of which Spargholt understood. The great gate was shut and heavy black felt curtains masked the windows in the white wall, but the botanist felt no remonition of evil as he struck the gate. Even when he looked up and saw the craggy spur of rock stuck out a hundred feet above, overhanging the courtyard, the sight carried no message, so closely do the walls seal the eyes of men.

The gate was opened by a tall monk in rusty, mottled robes, who blinked at the strangers as though he had been long shut away from the light; inside the square courtyard Spargholt found a stone stair sloping up to a door, like the entrance to a beehive. His boots clattered noisily in the wake of the monk's shapeless soft ones as he climbed up this runway; and he had an uneasy sense of many eyes watching from those blinded windows; as the two dived into the doorway the ring of stone changed to the hollow clang of the living rock.

The monk was talking all the while, and the strange language, foreign to Spargholt's ears, sounded menacing; he became aware that his servant and the coolies had been left behind and made a movement to go back, but found the passage behind him blocked by staring monks. He began to regret that he had not chosen to face the known dangers of cold and storm.

Then as his mind started to weave grim terrors they came out into a great hall where bronze images of Buddha stood, row upon row between the pillars—Buddhas standing and Buddhas sitting. Buddhas crouched within the lotus, with smooth, shining heads bowed in eternal meditation in the dim half-light.

Spargholt's first feeling was one of relief at being out of the crowded passage; here in the open a man might put up a fight; his second, one of paralysed surprise. The tall monk was still talking, pointing to a figure bronze-gold in colour and life-sized, draped in rust-coloured robes, with a rosary of polished beads resting in its still hands, but Spargholt did not hear a word; he did not even see the seated figure, for he was gazing spell-bound



"An earthen pot stood, and in the pot a flower"

at a low teakwood table where, among ritual offerings of coloured rice, an earthen pot stood, and in the pot a flower.

It was growing from a piece of rotted tree-bark, an orchid, but of no species that Spargholt had ever seen; four inches or more across; it was of a rich metallic black, dying out towards the centre into purple powdered lightly with specks of gold; a royal orchid, bizarre, the more so that the open forests lay nearly four thousand feet below Schuze 'En. Unconsciously his hand slid out to take up the pot. A low, whistling gasp of horror interrupted the tall monk's flow of words and recalled Spargholt to his position; he drew back his hand but found himself, for the first time, sorry that he could not speak the native tongue. Orchids, dendrobium, he had seen on his way to the Taron, English meadow flowers had speckled the valleys beneath the shadow of the high peaks, but this flower had the curious vivid beauty which marks exotics, and he burned to know where and how the black flower had found its way to that eagle's nest. Chafing in silence, he was forced to follow his

(Continued on p. 233)



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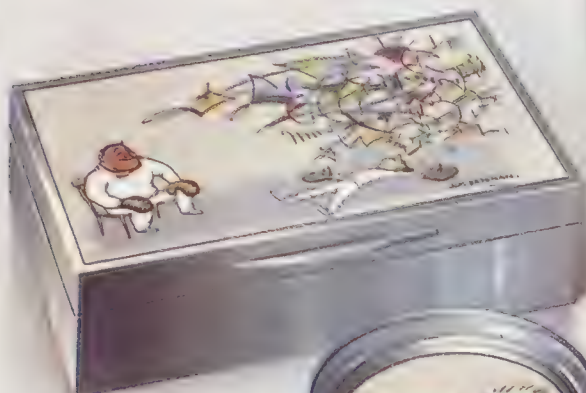
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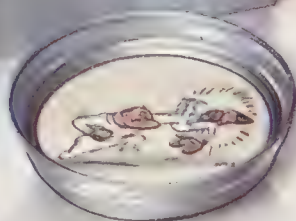
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# ON THE SPOT AT WINCANTON RACES



MISS NELL WARD AND  
(right) MISS JUNGMAN



LORD AND LADY SHAFTESBURY, MR. LEDUC,  
AND (right) THE HON. JOHN ASHLEY-COOPER



LADY MAINWARING AND LORD  
ALINGTON IN THE PADDOCK



LADY ILCHESTER AND HER DAUGHTER



LADY CRAVEN AND  
MISS MAINWARING



LADY FOLKESTONE AND MR. FINDLAY

Fields were on the small side at Wincanton Races, but this was hardly surprising considering the enormous number of fixtures under National Hunt rules which had been arranged for Easter Monday. It was certainly Mr. David Faber's lucky day, for his three entries, Sky Pilot, Jack in the Box, and Pommelled, all scored in decisive fashion. Captain Petre's Hero Lass won the Wincanton Hunt Cup, and the Farmer's 'Chase went to Mr. Dorset's Hamlet, which had dead-heated for second place in the Mendip Adjacent Hunt's Farmers' race the week before. There were plenty of West Country notabilities to be seen at the meeting, among them Lady Folkestone, Lord and Lady Shaftesbury and their younger son, and Lady Mainwaring and her twelve-year-old daughter, Lady Mabel Fox-Strangways. Lady Mainwaring, Sir Harry Mainwaring's wife, had Miss Diana Mainwaring with her. The latter is the elder of her two girls, and will be a debutante of 1932. Lady Folkestone, who were for the occasion a most attractive check tweed suiting, is Lord Radnor's daughter-in-law. She and her husband live at Alward House, near Salisbury

# LOOKING BACK

## At the Hursley Point-to-Point



MR. MACKASON AND THE HON. MRS. ALASTAIR COOPER

Photographed in the ring at the Hursley Point-to-Point, held at Berry Down. Mrs. Cooper is Lord Glanusk's only sister, and married the younger son of Sir George Cooper of Hursley Park, near Winchester. Her husband is in the Scots Greys



SITTING IT OUT

A family group consisting of the Hon. Iver Maitland, Lady Thirlestane, the Hon. Sylvia Maitland, and Lord Thirlestane. Lord Lauderdale's only son used to be in the Cameron Highlanders, and was a popular personality at Viceregal Lodge when he was A.D.C. to the Viceroy of Ireland. Lord and Lady Thirlestane and their son and daughter are familiar figures with the Border packs

The Hursley Point-to-Point is a local one for Lady Lena Agar and her brother, Lord Somerton (see below), for their home, Somerley, is near Ringwood. Lady Rosemary Agar, Lady Lena's youngest sister, recently became engaged to Mr. Christopher Jeffreys, the only son of Major-General Sir George Jeffreys and Viscountess Cantelupe



MR. AND MRS. R. A. G. WOODHOUSE

Mr. Woodhouse had a ride in the Hursley Point-to-Point, which was held over a fairly stiff course near Hursley shortly before Easter. There were quite good entries, and the whole neighbourhood seemed to be there, so it was altogether an exceedingly cheery gathering

The Hon. Mrs. George Cooper had a responsibility at the meeting in the person of her small step-sister, Lady Cecilia FitzRoy, but the latter was as good as gold all day, and found lots to interest her. She is the eight-year-old daughter of the late Duke of Grafton by his second marriage



LADY CECILIA FITZROY, THE HON. MRS. G. J. R. COOPER, AND MR. CONNAL



LORD SOMERTON AND LADY LENA AGAR ON THE MOVE AT BERRY DOWN





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*"Fearing treachery, I crept nearer. The man was making off as fast as he could with a wooden cross under his arm"*

*Dudley Tennant*

## Secret Service in Red Russia

By SIR PAUL DUKES

### CHAPTER V.

ON the same day that the search for me was made in the doctor's flat the mutiny against the Soviet Government, which had long been brewing, broke out in the powerful coastal fort of Krasnaya Gorka, about thirty miles from Petrograd.

The garrison killed their Communists, hoisted the Russian national flag, and turned their heavy guns against Cronstadt.

The Bolsheviks attributed this mutiny, like many other uprisings, to my "machinations." But I did not deserve the compliment. I was sent to Russia not to conspire, but to inquire. Revolt in a country where the ruling clique numbers less than 1 per cent. of the population needed no incitement from abroad, as has been many times shown then and since.

Though Cronstadt was, so to speak, the citadel of Bolshevism, the capacity of its garrison to put up prolonged resistance was doubtful. The Red army and navy were not yet properly organized. Many of the officers were still of pre-revolutionary times, and the Red Government were very fearful of active operations by allied warships.

Having raised the flag of insurrection, appeals for support were flashed by the commander of Krasnaya Gorka fortress to the British fleet operating in Finnish waters and to the "White" armies gathered in Esthonia. But neither responded. It appeared that the "White" armies were too busy quarrelling among themselves, and as for the British fleet in Finnish waters, it never seemed to be quite sure what it was there for. Its operations against the Bolsheviks were confined to a few daring and sensational but spasmodic raids on Cronstadt and Red battle-ships. The support of Krasnaya Gorka, which in all probability would have entailed the capitulation of Cronstadt and Petrograd and changed Russian history, was not forthcoming.

For two days the garrison held its own and did a lot of damage to Cronstadt, which at first replied feebly. Then its

ammunition ran out, and the Bolsheviks realizing with astonishment that the insurgents were to be left without relief, plucked up courage and towed two big warships out of Cronstadt harbour to bombard the fort and reduce it to submission.

The stricken populace of the northern capital hailed the news of the insurrection with barely-concealed satisfaction and awaited its outcome with anxious suspense, and when the news of failure arrived the people fell back into their normal vein of sullen despair.

With unbridled fury the Bolsheviks set themselves to uproot the grandiose plot they believed to be brewing in Petrograd and to lay by the heels the crafty English conspirator whom they thought must be responsible for it.

The search for me in the doctor's flat was the forerunner of similar searches in every part of the city. During the Krasnaya Gorka crisis nearly half the houses in the capital were searched, special regiments being drafted in to assist the Tcheka.

The doctor's cook, a firm and trusted friend, let me out of the flat by the yard entrance into the street, and thrust a loaf of bread into my hand. Every habitual shelter appeared to be closed to me. Apart from my own fears of arrest, I would not subject my friends to so lively a danger on my account at such a time.

On all the bridges and in the principal thoroughfares militiamen were examining the documents of passers-by.

I knew an officer who represented one of the "White" generals in Esthonia. He had supplied me with military information in return for my letting him use my couriers to carry his correspondence abroad to his chief.

I neither liked nor trusted this man very much, and saw him no more often than I was obliged. But one day he had said to me, "If ever you are in very tight straits come to me. I live in a small and secluded place that is never likely to be searched."

*(Continued on p. viii)*





*"WAY—DOWN RIO—  
O, fare ye well, my pretty young gel,  
For we're bound for the Rio Grande."*

You add your voice to the rolling chorus and you wonder idly whether Baltimore Joe will start another verse. The sun scorches the deck and there's hardly a breath of air to stir the bleached sails. But for the lusty singing and the mournful cry of two hungry gulls, you cannot hear a sound. Then suddenly there comes a shout from the bo'sun. The singing stops and "National Calling" startles you with its abrupt reminder that you are at home, in your armchair. The perfect reproduction of your Pye Receiver has again made the programme life-like in its realism.

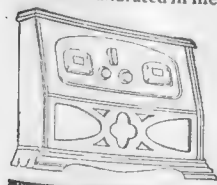
The Pye Portable is so well worth hearing that you owe it to yourself to go to your radio dealer at once for a demonstration. He will tell you of the magnificent reputation of the Pye Portable and of the lasting satisfaction it brings to its users.

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SIR MAURICE O'CONNELL

Hartnett

On Lakeview, Killarney, with a salmon caught by him on River Laune (his own water). The fish scaled 42 lb., which is supposed to be a record with a rod on this river. Sir Maurice O'Connell, who is the 5th baronet, was in the Royal Fusiliers, and was all through the War

NOW that this fox-hunting business is practically all over for this season with the exception of those few regions in which they believe that their efforts are incomplete unless they kill a May fox, I wonder what the future may hold for us, and whether with this mania for mechanisation, which is sweeping over the whole world, it may not have a reaction in the hunting field? There are several directions in which mechanical scientific appliances would, I think, be most useful. How about a well-devised *trottoir roulant* system in the gateways and at the less inviting obstacles? If it were contrived in the same way as the escalators on our underground railways it would be a tremendous boon, for it would entirely prevent people going through these useful apertures at a slower pace than they go into a first night at a theatre or out of a cinema. This would be of the greatest aid even to those super-courageous people who are supposed never to want to open a gate or go through one. Personally I have seen even the most cast-iron thruster compelled quite often to go through a gate and go pink with temper when he finds it blocked with people who have not earned the right to be as near hounds as they are by doing the dangerous over the obstacles. Again, science might come to our aid and do away with those public menaces, the cutters-in, and people who rather think they would like to jump, but are not quite definite in their minds. A series of pens like the unsaddling ones at our race-courses might be contrived. All the nastier and more collar-boney places, and below the ground might be placed some things called in circuses, and other places where acrobats perform, "trampolini" mattresses. These contrivances are, I gather, on the box-spring principle, and hurl anyone who treads on them high in the air in almost any direction. It would make stopping quite impossible, and clear the decks most satisfactorily of all those who have two minds to make up. It might, of course, entail a bit of sea-sickness, but that could not be helped, and anyway everyone who rides over any country where the ridge and furrow is deep, and their horse does not meet it quite right ought to be a good sailor. For water-jumping these mattresses might be most useful, for there is something about a yawning chasm filled with cold and deep fluid, which often makes the bravest feel like a bowlful of quivering curds. Masters of hounds—a hardly-used species—might be provided by science with something in the way of some well-selected gramophone records with loud-speaker attachments. It is not fair that M.F.H.'s should be asked, as they are at present, to expend their breath and nervous energy in ejaculating improvised witticisms on those who never

# Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

give hounds much more than five to six yards, and think fox-hunting ought to be conducted on the same lines as pig-sticking. These few little suggestions, which I feel sure will materialize some day, are merely tentative and can no doubt be elaborated. A beam wireless for putting out the cigarettes of people who will smoke when hounds are drawing, and a death-ray for talkers may not be beyond the inventive genius of a Marchese Marconi!

À propos the death of old Félix Bertrand and the hazard made by someone that duelling with the sword had entirely gone out of fashion, I venture to doubt very much whether it is quite so obsolete as all that. In my own more or less uneventful life I have met two fellows—and one I knew very well indeed—who had had a go and bore the marks of it; one on his forearm, a quite nasty, long scar, where the point went into the muscle just above the wrist, and came out near the elbow, and the other who got it through the hand and had to stop as it swelled up a bit, and he could no longer hold his épée. So I expect there are plenty of other people who have known of cases in which this, by far most interesting form of combat, has been employed to settle little differences. These two cases of which I know personally were hushed up of course. The fellow with the scar all up his arm went for a cruise round the world with the extremely good-looking Cause. I met them actually in Colombo *en route* for Japan! Quite apart from its being very good for the waist-line and

(Continued on p. xii)



LORD HENEAGE AND LORD CONYERS

Schofield

At the recent Brocklesby Hunt 'Chases. Lord Conyers was Joint Master with his father, Lord Yarborough, who celebrates fifty years' mastership of these hounds this year. Lord Conyers was succeeded by another 11th Hussar, Captain J. A. Jaffray

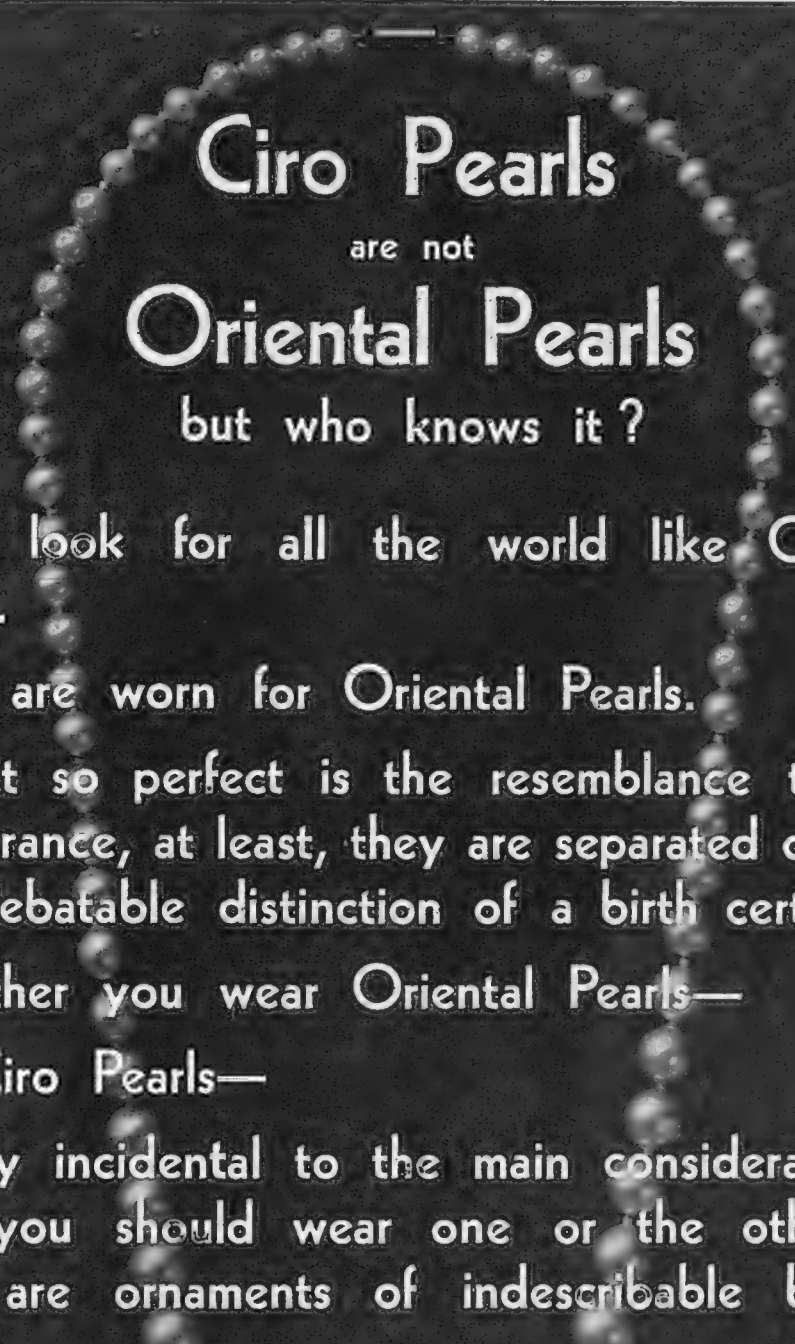


Schofield

LADY CONYERS PRESENTS THE CONYERS CUP

Mr. Halmshaw's Sentenced won this cup at the Brocklesby Point-to-Point, and the horse was ridden by Mr. Bissill, who as the jockey got a five-guinea whip. The Brocklesby country is a real sporting one to ride over, the sine qua non being a steed who can—and will—spread himself over the big drains deep as the Pit, and usually full to the brim, or at any rate the "pretty"





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Or Ciro Pearls—

Is only incidental to the main consideration that you should wear one or the other for they are ornaments of indescribable beauty.

On receipt of one guinea, we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16" long. Wear them. Compare them, and if they do not entirely come up to your highest expectations, return the necklet to us within two weeks, and we will exchange it or return your money in full.

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# MORRIS OXFORD

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# A Bachelor's Den. ♦ ♦



... by **Sir James Barrie**

*The following exquisite quotation is taken from  
"My Lady Nicotine."*

SOON we are all in the old room again, Jimmy on the hearthrug, Marriot in the cane-chair; the curtains are pinned together with a pen-nib, and the five of us are smoking the Arcadia Mixture.

Pettigrew will be welcomed if he comes, but he is a married man, and we seldom see him nowadays. Others will be regarded as intruders. If they are smoking common tobaccos, they must either be allowed to try ours or requested to withdraw. One need only put his head in at my door to realise that tobaccos are of two kinds, the Arcadia and others. No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe would be certain to go out. When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia.

I ask no one to believe this, for the confirmed smoker in Arcadia detests arguing with anybody about anything. Were I anxious to prove Jimmy's statement, I would merely give you the only address at which the Arcadia is to be had. But that I will not do. It would be as rash as proposing a man with whom I am unacquainted for my club. You may not be worthy to smoke the Arcadia Mixture.

SIR J. M. BARRIE says . . . "What I call the 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the Craven Mixture and no other."

# Craven

## MIXTURE TOBACCO

CARRERAS Ltd., London. Ordinary or Broad Cut, in Airtight Tins, 2 oz. 2/5; 4 oz. 4/10. Also in Cartridge form



## The Black Orchid—continued

guide past the votive table, behind the still figure in its red robes, and through a narrow doorway leading into the abbot's chamber.

The abbot was old and bald, with a silver rime of age upon his withered skin, and the red robes pouched in folds across his shrunken form, but his eyes were keen and his curiosity immense. With gestures to explain the flow of words, he cross-examined Spargholt as to his country, his business and where he was going when he left Schuze 'En. The tall monk spoke to the abbot, the abbot to Spargholt, pointing, gesticulating; finally Spargholt's body-servant was brought in to interpret his master's plans.

"Tell him that I'm going over that peak opposite," commanded the botanist. "Say that I want to know the path; get them to tell you. And ask where they got that black flower I saw near the Bhudda in red."

He watched keenly as the servant explained their movements, saw the monks point out of the window at the path they must traverse, then the silent interchange of glances as the last question was put.

"No answer about flower," reported the servant, his tip-tilted eyes darted fearfully from monk to monk and his yellow skin growing grey with fear.

"Say that I will buy," urged Spargholt, oblivious of these signs in his eagerness. "Tell them I will give silver and a singing-box for that flower."

He did not have to wait for the answer, he could read it in the abbot's face; so might a Catholic prelate look, shocked yet indulgent at the effrontery of a "savage" who tried to purchase holy vestments, but Spargholt had never studied the shades of men's expression and he only saw that his bid had failed.

"Ask what they want, or whether I can get another," he commanded.

"No sell," reported the servant, after an apologetic sentence to his priests.

A few more questions satisfied the abbot, and Spargholt was led away by the tall monk to a cell facing the courtyard and a dozen paces from the big doorway of the big Buddha hall; they had to cross the image-room to get there, but he was hurried past the offering-table so that, in a mere glimpse of the treasure, he had no opportunity to examine further. Safely alone in the cell-like room where food was brought to him he pondered, plotting, sifting, rejecting plans by which he could gain possession of the black flower.

He had absolutely no pang of conscience, no feeling that he was treating his hosts shabbily in accepting the shelter of their roof while robbing their altar; to Spargholt some natives had chanced on a rare and valuable specimen in the course of their "superstitious rot," and he proposed to remove the orchid as he would take a jewel from the heedless hand of a babe.

"Spargholtensis—Spargholtii," he murmured, dwelling affectionately on the clashing syllables, "Spargholtii sounds better." He rose and tiptoed to the door, wondering whether he could gain the hall of Buddhas unperceived; a tall figure rose from the very threshold and bowed submissively, inquiring his pleasure, and Spargholt was driven to retreat. The incident annoyed him, proving that the monks suspected his purpose, but he did not give up hope. His cell was hot and sour with a smell of

stale humanity, so that though he lay down he did not easily sleep; time and again he sank into fitful dozing and woke with sudden chill, reaching out for a huge black-flower which perpetually dodged his outstretched hand. A grave-like silence brooded over the place when at last he woke and peered from behind the curtain at the court outside.

The darkness of night had bleached into that false light which precedes the true dawn, and the cold tang of powdery snow hung in the air; in another hour the day would be come and his last chance have gone. The thought made Spargholt reject wild plans he had formed of pretending sickness, of making believe that he had dropped something in the Buddha hall. He peered out of the doorway and saw that his guard had been changed, the tall lama had gone, and in his place a very young monk dropped across folded knees beside the door. Hardly out of childhood, sleep had caught him as he watched, and the curve of his upturned cheek was rounded like that of a little boy.

Placed there on guard, his sleep by lamassery law spelt death, but Spargholt had neither time nor pity to waste on the young monk's fate; barefoot, he stole past with bated breath and sped warily down the passage; no light burned there, and he had to guide himself by touching the wall, but the far end of the long room was lit by a shallow dish of oil which shed a faint green glow upon that bronze-gold figure and the flat table at its side. A dozen strides took Spargholt to the place and his hand found the pot at once; drawing his coat round it he turned, and as he did so it seemed to him that something moved among the dim shadows of that ghostly hall. For one awful moment he remembered old stories he had read of men buried alive in lamasseries, of orgies where devil-masked monks committed cruelties unspeakable; he fairly turned and ran for the door.

But no footstep followed, the images remained in polished calm while he ran; breathing more easily, Spargholt gained the passage, stole back the way he had come. The young man he had not seen, the tall monk had come back on duty before Spargholt ventured again in the dawn to look outside his door.

If any had suspected his theft there was no sign of it in the impassive face of the tall monk, the grave, bowing figures of the others clustered upon the stair. Even then he had no feeling of safety until, the orchid stowed safely in his specimen-case, he heard the gate of Schuze 'En close behind him as his baggage train started at length in the chill rainy dawn. Well away, he dared not open his case and look at his treasure until the path turning up towards a valley hid him from the overhanging crag and white walls of Schuze 'En.

Then, gloating upon his specimen he looked up to see the startled face of his body-servant staring at the flower; with an oath Spargholt sprang up and kicked the man, shutting his case, and packing it into the wide pocket of his coat he went on his way, but it seemed to him that the very coolies kept whispering in their barbaric tongue, and their eyes followed him gloomily. Chill rain that threatened to turn to snow added to his discomfort, and far up the path a rattle and burr as of artillery warned him of a landslide ahead.



FRANK O'BRIEN

SIR MATHEW WILSON, A SALMON, AND ANOTHER

The fish was a 12-pounder, and was killed at Ballyhooley, the place after which the song was perhaps named! Sir Mathew Wilson is a very famous owner, and had Arctic Star when he won the Cesarewitch, and also he won the Indian Grand National with Kaffirpan when he was Military Secretary to the then C-in-C., Sir O'Moore Creagh





"G. B. S." AT A JUMPING MEETING

A quite unusual appearance of the famous and very retiring dramatist at the recent North and South Shropshire Point-to-Point, and perhaps a prelude to a play on jump-racing! In this group, left to right, are: Mr. Bernard Shaw, Miss Churilton, Brigadier-General Hugh Cholmondeley (an ex-Master of the North Shropshire), Mrs. Donaldson-Hudson, and Major Parker-Leighton, M.P. for Oswestry. The late Mrs. Cholmondeley was a sister of Mrs. Bernard Shaw

#### The New Effort.

**S**IR WILLIAM MORRIS is no mean pyrotechnist. When he prepares a bomb it goes off like a bomb, and there is nothing of the damp squib about it. And what a shell the announcement of that new Wolseley Hornet was! I fear that some of those folk who lack a little enterprise will have reason to complain of the sting in its retail. Two of these I met a few days before the new Six made its debut. They had heard rumours, of course, which they were disinclined to believe, but they were quite satisfied that the quoted figure (that is, as quoted by Dame Rumour, who for once in a way was accurate) of £175 was a misprint for £275. I can quite sympathize with them, for when all is said and done the former figure does seem a little inadequate for—item, six cylinders; item, overhead valves and camshaft; item, pump cooling; item, automatic radiator shutters; item, hydraulic brakes, plus a real hand-brake; item, Triplex all round; item, bumpers fore and aft; item, wire wheels; item, hydraulic shock-absorbers; item, 12-volt electric installation; item, really good fabric or coachbuilt bodywork; and, item, posh appearance both within and without. How the dooce it is done I do not pretend to know, but it is done, and those of us who perceive that the prosperity of the British motor industry means something favourable to our pockets—whether we motor or no—do not need to be told that we have good reason to be proud of and pleased with this unique example of enterprise. As yet I have not had a chance to try the Hornet, though I have ordered one bang off, just like that! I inspected it in a fault-hunting mood, naturally thinking that there must be something magical or illusory about it, but the only point that I could find which did not meet with my full approval was the use



LORD APSLEY AND "SAMUEL"

Also at the North and South Shropshire Point-to-Point. Lord Apsley, who is Lord Bathurst's son and heir, flew to the meeting in his Moth, rode his own horse, and then flew home again

# Petrol Vapour

BY W. G. ASTON.

of sliding windows. Well, well, you can't have everything all at once, and perhaps, a little blemish (which many would not grant it to be) but serves the better to emphasize the excellence and the number of the virtues. By the way, is it not a striking commentary that the Hornet is, in either type, a saloon model. No open body is catalogued, nor will the Wolseley Company supply a chassis. Most wise and far-sighted Sir William! Full well he knows that enthusiastic idiots might besmirch the reputation of his car by attempting to squeeze seven-seater cabriolets-de-ville upon its neat little frame. He will have none of these absurdities. Realizing the value of a power-to-weight ratio that has only been obtained by brilliant design, he tacitly says "Take it or leave it." Well, I am going to take it, for the Hornet is just the nippy family dashabout that I have been looking for years. Two cars I find are cheaper to run than one; and I believe that a third will make my motoring costs even lower still. For which God be praised.

\* \* \*

#### Coming Back.

**I**t is exceedingly fortunate for scribes such as I (or should it be "such as me"?) that our readers have shortish memories and do not take so much pleasure in writing. If they did they would justly chastise us with scorpions for the frequency with which we are utterly wrong in our views. Perhaps this is a venial sin, for it springs from a mere inability to peer sufficiently far into the future, and I don't suppose we are habitually more wrong than other people. Still, enough of this inferiority stuff. It was brought to mind by this observation, that although when the flexible body first came into vogue I was ready to accept it as a world-beater, the truth is that the coach-built type is now indubitably returning into favour. From that there is no getting away. And there is no difficulty in finding a reason for this state of affairs. Sufficient progress has not been made in turning out a fabric finish that looks really smart and can be kept smart. Also fabric has not readily (or apparently so) lent itself to bi- and tri-colour schemes. Then, as might be supposed, the men who have all along believed in steel, or aluminium, or a combination of either with wood, have not just allowed the Weymann wave to roll over their prostrate bodies. It has gingered them up into discovering ways and means of killing squeaks, of expunging rattles, and of getting the weight down. So now we see that a powerful counter-attack has been launched. I dare say it will soon reach a condition of equilibrium—for each side has so many advantages to claim, with power also to add to their number. But what is especially all to the good and to the benefit of us motorists is that both combatants are intent upon making progress. The harder they fight the better for us. So I say, "Go to it lads! There is scope for much weight reduction in motor-cars, and damned be he who first cries, "Hold! Enough!" So to it, my hearties!"

(Continued on p. xxiv)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday





A beautiful cloth in fine white Old Bleach damask, with a hand-painted rose design in natural colours.

# COLOURED DAMASK— THE NEWEST NOTE IN TABLE DECORATION

It began among society hostesses, this fashion for soft-coloured table-cloths. A sun-lover spread a golden-tinted Damask on her luncheon table, and achieved an irresistibly lovely effect which forthwith became the fashion. Now modern table-cloths are appearing in every imaginable hue to blend with the colour scheme of the dining room, and of the glass and china. Some are strewn with posies and garlands of hand-painted flowers. This lovely fashion is so new that hostesses will welcome the Old Bleach Linen Company's handbook on the new Damasks. It contains suggestions for original table arrangements, and coloured illustrations of some of the Old Bleach tinted cloths. Write to the Old Bleach Linen Company, Randalstown, Northern Ireland, for a copy.

## OLD BLEACH LINEN

*The lovely texture of Old Bleach linen is almost everlasting. It is bleached on the grass by sun and wind in the old, old way that keeps all the suppleness and lustre of the flax. And the delicate colours are guaranteed sunfast and washfast.*

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## A BEATL BOWL

Beatl is "such stuff as dreams are made on"—dreams that last! For this wonderful new material—a British invention by the British Cyanides Company—is almost as remarkable for its toughness and durability as for its translucent beauty and rich colouring.

Beatl not only takes the place of china and glass for many articles of tableware but it is also employed in the manufacture of door handles and finger plates, lamps, cigarette boxes and bijouterie.

It is being used with ever increasing success in the making of decorative tiling, electric fittings and for a host of other purposes.

Beatl is moulded by many firms. Just as various chinas are known as Wedgwood, Minton, or Sèvres, so Beatl articles are produced under various names. The bowl pictured above, and its plinth too, are in M.L. Beatl. The other makes of Beatl tableware are Linga Longa and Bandalasta.

*A full range of Beatl articles can be seen at the Beatl Shop, 219, Regent Street, London (Telephone Mayfair 4352). Also sold at leading Stores throughout the country.*





# The Chronicles of a Mutt

"USED CARTRIDGES"

By "LUPIN"

(Harold Armstrong)

Jane whispered to me that he was Lord Careworn, a noted shot. He was an authority on all subjects, and Jane and the other women were always asking his advice. Whenever I got talking he would fix in his eyeglass, interrupt, and throw me out of my stride. He was clearly set on Jane, and wanted me to look stupid.

We collected in the hall about 3 p.m. Some brandy had given me back my self-confidence. I was fixing up my guns—Kelly's man had shown me all that—when Lord Careworn strolled up.

"They were my uncle's. He left them to me," I said quickly, indicating the guns, and wishing that I had had the initials taken off the case, "and a very handy couple they are."

"Stwange," he drawled, "quite too too extraordinary. They so resemble a *pair* I sold last year."

I took no notice. These tall men are so blamed patronising.

Taking the advice of Kelly's man, I watched the other guests; gave one gun to a keeper and carried the second, now and again taking a practice shot at imaginary game as the others did. I was discussing shooting averages with a Captain James, when the gun under my arm went off by itself, and made a hole in the ground beside two beaters. Though I explained that I was just seeing that it was all in working order, no one seemed satisfied. Jim—that's Jane's brother—got quite excited. It was Kelly's man who told me to put in the bullets and push up the button of the safety-catch, and he ought to know better than Jim.

A mile farther on we turned into a gate and made a line in a roadway cut through a wood. I sat on a shooting-stick as the others did and the keeper kept the guns. There was a lot of shouting and beating in the woods in front. Suddenly the keeper said, "Mark over," and pushed a gun into my hands. I saw a huge bird coming straight at me, making a noise like an old self-starter. I pointed the gun and pulled the triggers.

What exactly happened I don't know. Something gave me a terrific kick in the jaw, and when I opened my eyes, Jim, who was on my right, was cursing away to the air. He called my keeper over and said something to him in a fierce undertone.

The next time I fired I took more care and the kick was far less. After that I got the hang of the thing quickly; the gun did not kick any more, nor did it make so much noise. Twice I shot a bird stone dead, and even the keeper said, "Well shot, sir."

(Continued on p. 238)



P. BELLEW.

"The things he shouted at me"

SHOOTING parties and staying in country houses is hardly in my line. I was brought up rather quietly. Not that my family is not as good as any in England. One of my grandfathers was a general. But when Jane asked me for a long week-end to her aunt's—and to bring my guns—I accepted at once.

Kelly, the second-hand dealer in the Caledonian Market, fixed me up with a couple of guns. A broken-down old case was the thing, he said. His man told me that pheasant-shooting was quite easy. I must just watch the others at first and copy. Miss birds? Why even the nobs missed them often! Otherwise, where would be the birds for next year. I'd have taken some lessons, but every shooting school round London was booked up that week. Still, as a boy I was a tolerably good shot with an air-gun.

"If I am wanted over the week-end," I said to my maid as I went down the steps, "call up Hambury 19, that's Hambury Castle, the Duchess of Sidewhisker's place." I think that those upstart people in the upstairs flat heard it.

As I said before, this sort of thing is not exactly what I am used to. In fact I was a bit nervous. What clothes to wear? To go first or third to a castle? When I started making up my mind the booking-clerk at Paddington got quite nasty. Somebody in the queue behind me pushed me distinctly in the back. I very nearly lost my temper and bought a 1st class return. I am not mean, but that irritated me; there wasn't a soul on the platform at Mudford-on-the-Marsh to see me arrive.

The servants did not help at all. A liveried man at the station exit picked up my bags, put them down hurriedly, and called a porter. Those bags may not be real leather, but he made them look as if they smelt. After that he and the chauffeur of the ornolu Rolls-Royce ignored me haughtily. A butler with two assistants at the castle door worried me. By the time I had got my coat off and someone had shouted my name across a big hall I was perspiring gently. I wondered how much in tips it would cost me to get out again. I pulled my tie straight, got a smile ready—first impressions are so important—but slipped on the parquet floor. The hall was baronial and enormous. My new plus-four suit seemed suddenly all wrong, and my shoes squeaked.

The party were grouped round a large fire in big chairs, waiting lunch. I had been unable to come down for the morning shoot. Jane introduced me. A man or two moved reluctantly. Two magnificent creatures looked up languidly and then went on lip-sticking and talking of horses.

I did not feel myself at that lunch. Jane and the Duchess were charming, but the rest were detached, even distant. One fellow in particular got me. He was a flat-chested, lanky fellow who drawled, lounged about with his hands in his pockets, and he needed an operation for adenoids. Sort of man who sells you a car in Great Portland Street.



P. B.

"But slipped on the parquet"



"Made a hole in the ground beside two beaters"

### The Chronicles of a Mutt—continued

It was really as easy as cutting butter with a hot knife—as soon as one got the knack.

About the eighth shot I put up the gun, changed my mind, and did not pull the triggers. To my surprise it went off with a roar, and a pheasant fell down. I looked in the gun; both the cartridges had been used. I repeated the process, but this time kept my eyes open. Close beside me the keeper fired and the bird fell. He shouted, "Well shot, sir," and ran forward to pick it up; the cartridges in my gun were used. I am not a fool. He must have been giving me used cartridges and shooting for me, presumably on Jim's orders. The trouble was that Careworn and some other ass had seen this, and were watching with stupid grins on their apish faces.

It was most awkward. I got hot and cold alternately all the evening. Evidently the story had gone round. Perhaps I am over-sensitive, but when at dinner Careworn made some joke, *sotto voce*, about "used cartridges," and there was a half-suppressed explosion of mirth, I began to wish I was somewhere else.

I was glad when it was time to go to bed, though it was like going to bed in a museum. Every corridor in the castle was hung with valuable pictures. There were glass cases full of antiques, precious stones, gold statuettes, and trinkets in the corners. My room was all brocade and silk. A king had once slept in it. I sat down on the sofa, skin first, in my shirt to pull on my pyjama trousers, but got up hurriedly. Apparently that king had sat just there, and some loyal subject had worked the royal arms in gold and silver wire. Some of the edges had frayed and gone prickly.

I had told the valet to put my guns in my room, for I was determined to make a better show next day. Putting in a couple of used cartridges, I practised for an hour, aiming and pulling the triggers one by one with my eyes wide open.

By now it was after midnight. The great building was uncanny in its enormous silence. Now and again from the giant cedars in the park an owl called. As I was preparing to put the gun away I heard steps go past my door. They were the stealthy, creeping steps of someone up to no good. They went to the main staircase, downstairs, and then came back past my door.

I listened intently. It might be a guest looking for something, or a servant. The castle might be haunted, but the sounds I could hear were made by a human being. Turning

out my light, I opened my door silently and crept out. I could hear sly movements farther down the corridor beyond the next corner. Creeping cautiously, I got to the corner, and looked round.

I saw the dim-figure of a man. To the forehead was fixed an electric lamp such as dentists use. The light from this was concentrated on a small picture. It was the renowned Corot that Jane had shown me after lunch. The man was, with great skill, cutting the picture from the frame. Once a diamond rasped on glass. I knew that close beside me on the corner were the electric switches, for I had used them when coming up to bed.

Without thinking, I had brought the gun in my hand. Feeling for the lights, I switched them on and pointed the gun full at the figure, and shouted, "Hands up!" and "Help!" as hard as I could.

The figure swung round. It was my Lord Careworn. He was still in dinner clothes. For a second he hesitated, and then put both hands well above his head. How I hated that fellow, with his sneers. I kept my eye glued down the barrel. I might not be able to shoot birds, but I knew that I could blow a hole in his shirt-front, and my fingers itched to do it.

By now the corridor was full of people. The butler and his flunkies, shorn of all their dignity and become men in their flannel pyjamas, came hurrying up. Jim was almost the first. The two magnificent females who had talked of horses came out looking like last year's birds' nests. They stood chattering, and one had forgotten her false teeth. Everyone asked questions. There was no need. The half-cut picture, the torch, Careworn with his hands up and his pockets bulging with other people's rings and jewels, a set of burglar's tools and a life-preserver, were good enough answer. Jim and the butler had hold of him, but he still kept his hands up, watching me with a look of terror frozen on his face.

Then I lowered the gun. Careworn seemed relieved.

"This is a fair cop," he said; "I'd have chanced it with anyone else and rushed it, but not with that little mutt pointing his gun at me! Why he might have let it off again by mistake!"

Without haste I quietly opened the gun and took out the two used cartridges. I never saw a man change so quickly. My Lord Careworn became a raving lunatic. He

tried to rush at me. It took six men to hold him. He may be a peer. He was certainly no gentle-

man. The things he shouted at me as he was dragged downstairs made the Duchess shut her door with a bang.

There was no pheasant-shooting next day, and we all trooped off to the police-station to give evidence. Careworn was a man badly wanted. He was—the cat burglar. They had arrested his accomplice who had been waiting below at the

(Cont.  
on  
p. xx)



"I listened intently"



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# Eve at Golf

By ELEANOR E. HELME



A cast back to the Spring Medal Foursomes: Miss Hale (Beaconsfield), Mrs. Russell (Royal Mid-Surrey), the Hon. Mrs. Lowther (Capthorne), and Mrs. Fitzroy Chapman (Ashdown Forest), waiting to get going

**W**HERE are we? Not quite certain whether, to be in the fashion, we must shiver still after the coldest Easter of the century, or begin to pant because there have been twelve hours of sunshine.

Will it be prudent—perish the word—to go forth to golf to-morrow with a leather coat, or will it be one of those days when you feel that your skirt is too thick, your shoes too heavy, and that it would really be much more pleasant to lie down under the nearest hedge and go to sleep, confident that by the time you wake up a hundred more little green leaves will have

Miss Doris Park, who, for the third year in succession, is Champion of Midlothian. She was runner-up in last year's Scottish Championship

come out, the cuckoo will be cuckooing overhead, the swallows skimming over the lake, and spring will really have arrived?

Perhaps the golfers on the whole have heeded the weather this Easter less than most people. After all, unless we have been north of Mull, or one of those spots with which the wireless forecasts freeze the imagination, there has been nothing to stop golf for those who can only play at week-ends. Yet it was just nasty enough for those who were satiated with county matches or other serious matters to be justified in saying that it was unfit for golf; they would rather stop at home by the fire or else take the dog for a sharp walk. So let it be hoped that all golfing parties were satisfied, and that they can now settle down again in good earnest to finish off the county business (if they live south of the Trent), or begin it if they are north of that boundary.

**Heartiest Congratulations**  
To Miss Cecil Leitch  
on winning the Kit  
Cat Medal, with 68, on  
the second day of the  
Ranelagh International  
Meeting, and to Miss  
Enid Wilson on her 69

Of course one dare not write about county matches in the south-eastern division in any journal appearing less often than every twenty-four hours, for within that period the whole position seems to undergo a complete reversal. At one moment Kent appears supreme; at the next Hampshire administers a rebuff, frightening the life out of Surrey. Then Surrey seems to be sailing along, only to be first checked by Kent, then crushed

by Middlesex, who in the meantime have had some severe handling by Sussex, who had already been put out of the hunt by Hampshire's treatment of them. And then, what does Sussex do but defeat Kent, a solid 5 to 2, and only two matches even taken so far as the 17th hole. Cooden Beach was the scene of Sussex victory, and since that is the latest item of the county programme before going to press, let the details be set out. Sussex began thoroughly well, although they lacked Mrs. Hambro and Mrs. Gellatly, for Mrs. de Winton at their head beat Miss Diana Fishwick 2 and 1; Mrs. V. G. Davies backed her up with a 5 and 3 win from Miss Dorothy Pearson, Miss Dampney with a 3 and 2 one from Mrs. Cautley. (Sussex may well be pleased with their

new teamster.) Then came in two reverses from Sussex, for Miss Archer went down 6 and 5 to Miss Wanda Morgan, and Mrs. Dowson 4 and 3 to Miss Oswald. But the Sussex reserves did nobly for their side, Mrs. Broughton winning 2 and 1 from Miss Doxford and Miss M. F. Jones 6 and 5 from Miss Butler, who has been showing such real promise lately. So there was Sussex victorious 5 to 2. What may have happened by the time this page is in print is not for anybody to predict. Surrey, Kent, and Middlesex, with two losses apiece to their discredit, will doubtless have plenty to say by then on what further has occurred between them.

Then there will be a momentary lull, whilst each county settles its own championship, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Worcester, joining in the general fun.

Now in the absence of very much playing news perhaps anybody who has hopes of doing better than ever before in one

(Continued on p. xxiii)



H.H. Princess Helena Victoria and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles on the first tee at Alwoodley. H.H. is a most enthusiastic golfer, and took the opportunity of playing at Alwoodley during her recent visit to Goldsborough Hall



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# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

## A Century of Fashion.

**C**HARLES FREDERICK WORTH, the founder of the house of Worth, was an Englishman, a fact of which all Englishwomen are extremely proud. Since the opening of the modest little dressmaking establishment in 1830, this firm has grown steadily and expanded until its creations are worn in every quarter of the globe. Not only did he control the trend of fashion in women's clothes, but he was responsible for the growth of the silk, velvet, and lace industries in France. As a consequence women are ever interested in what the present descendant of the founder of this house has to say about fashions. It is in the Hanover Square Salons in London that the dresses illustrated and written about may be seen. Parisians as well as Englishwomen with a dress sense are delighted with them.

## Black and White are Trumps.

**T**here is much discussion regarding the colours which prevail in the domain of evening dress; some would have us believe that the guests at a fashionable dance are attired in the gayest of colours. M. Worth estimates, however, that in every assemblage of from 200 to 300 women, six are wearing printed chiffon, six red, six green, and six blue; with regard to the remainder, honours are divided between black and white. Well, and the skirts, they just clear the ground by a fraction of an inch. Furthermore naked arms are not regarded with favour; he advocates soft shadow draperies over the upper part of the arm, and gloves to the elbow, which must be wrinkled, and no matter the colour of the dress, they should be a peculiar tobacco shade; this is an ideal foil for jewellery. A deep berthe which comes well down over the

arms may take the place of the draperies.

## Horsehair and Ermine Tails.

**M**any are the new notes that are struck in Worth's evening dresses; for instance, a black net affair posed on satin is enriched with ruches of horsehair, the scheme being completed with an adjustable fan-



A witness to the fact that things are not always what they seem is this Worth blouse; it is made of soft and silky straw worked up into a basket weave; the skirt is of tussore and the scarf of straw and tussore



The buttons on this crêpe de chine blouse are really tiny mirrors, the dress and bolero being of a black wool fabric strewn with white pin-spots. There is a long coat enriched with fox that is destined to be seen in conjunction with it. From Worth's, Paris, to Worth's, 3, Hanover Square, has this ensemble come. It is the very thing for in and out of town wear, and for the fashionable races



Lovely yellow, brown, and beige shades are present in this Worth jumper; the coat that is destined to accompany it is of the Norfolk persuasion, the skirt being an example of the elaborate work that is necessary to achieve simplicity

shaped cape that shadows the arms. A black chiffon dress has a hem composed of massed flowers; another *chef d'œuvre* of pale pink romaine has a hem of black ermine tails; while a plain pink georgette dress has a hussar jacket, innocent of sleeves, carried out in brocade; this fabric is used for the hem of the skirt. Some of the newest coatees are carried out in black ermine and are as appropriate for day as evening wear. All the creations are noteworthy on account of their simplicity, grace, and dignity.

## For In and Out of Town.

**S**urely nothing in the world of dress has had the searchlight more strongly turned on it than the length of the skirts for in and out of town. It is ridiculous to state that they should be so many inches from the ground; it all depends on the height of the wearer. M. Worth divides the figure into four parts for the time being, taking no thought of the head or neck. The shoulders to the waist occupy one quarter, the skirt two quarters, and the fourth quarter is from the hem of the skirt to the ground. Surely it was a brain-wave to give figures in this respect.

## Straw Makes Blouses and Scarves.

**I**t is an absolute fact that the blouse of the sports suit illustrated on this page is made of straw. It is remarkably soft, and before it is woven into a basket pattern it is not more than an eighth of an inch in

(Continued on p. 11)



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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

width. In this connection it must be mentioned that this fabric is sometimes used for collars and cuffs, and very smart it looks too. The skirt of the suit illustrated is of dark-blue tussore, while straw and tussore share honours in the scarf. The skirt of the other sports suit pictured is of jersey tweed showing a small plaid design in which the whole gamut of brown, yellow, and beige shades are present. The blouse is of particular interest on account of the yoke, which is yellow jersey. It is to be regretted that it is not possible to give a view of the coat as it is of the Norfolk persuasion and introduces in a very becoming manner the new raised waist-line. Cardigan coats accompany many of the suits as well as short scarves; should the blouse and skirt be of different fabrics they are united in the scarf.

## The Spectators' Suit.

The suits for spectators at the races and other functions have been carefully considered; one of them finds pictorial expression on p. 242. It is of a new black wool fabric strewn with white pin-spots. The waistcoat and bolero are united, the former being of white crêpe de chine decorated with tiny buttons made of looking-glasses; the bolero is outlined with crêpe de chine with an almost Greek-key edge. To accompany this is a long coat of the same material as the dress; the collar is of black fox with a white flower nestling among the fur, and so is the hem. And for day-time wear M. Worth advocates long, loose, heavy suède gloves stitched with white, with pockettes to match.

## A Frock that Everyone Needs.

Warmly to be congratulated is Genee Glenny, whose altogether charming salons at 128, New Bond Street, W., will be opened this week, as she is responsible for a completely novel idea for house-frocks that may be worn from and including the cocktail hour until midnight. They are made of striped brocade; the lines are so fine that a *chêné* effect is suggested, and the cost of these is 10½ guineas. She takes the dresses of well-known historical characters and modernizes them; she is most emphatic that they must be in harmony with the character of the wearer. For instance, there is Lady Jane Grey's stately dress with its square neck-line and long sleeves; it is just right for the tall, slight woman. The Anne Boleyn model is suitable for a shorter woman; it has a small Medici collar and is endowed with a more frivolous aspect.

## Shadow and Tennis Frocks.

And then Genee Glenny is making a feature of shadow frocks; they are just right for wearing when the sun has

set; the frock itself is a mass of soft draperies expressed in shaded chiffon accompanied by a wrap—for it is neither a cloak, a coat, nor a cape—of silver or other lace; they are from 8½ guineas in a variety of colour schemes; they have a very slenderizing effect on the figure. The sports-woman will enthusiastically applaud the tennis frocks; they are of white shantung

with sleeveless waistcoats or coatees of a fancy cotton fabric; they are 4½ guineas, hats to match being 35s.

## Suits and Coats for Country Wear.

No one can fail to be pleased with the suits and coats for country wear which owe their origin to Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W. To them must be given the credit of the model seen on this page. It is of Saxony suiting; there are pleats on one side of the skirt, and it is finished with buttons; as will be seen, the coat is single-breasted and is slightly shaped. There are many materials in which this model would look well, patterns of which, together with self-measurement forms, would gladly be sent gratis and post free. This firm is likewise making dresses of a light-weight tweed with coats of a heavier material; there are many variations on this theme. A feature is likewise made of tweed hats to match the suits. All sports enthusiasts must see the new tennis coat; it is made of West of England fleece and has a peculiar property, that of casting off the dust. It seems almost unnecessary to add that what this firm does not know about leather coats is not worth mentioning.

## Equipping the Wardrobe.

All who are desirous of equipping their wardrobe in a satisfactory manner for the summer must study Marshall and Snelgrove's (Oxford Street, W.) catalogue; it will be sent gratis and post free; the requirements of those with limited pin-money have been carefully considered. For 98s. 6d. there are floral ninon two-piece frocks; the sleeveless dress is lined with Japanese silk, and for 6 guineas there are lace evening gowns lined with crêpe de chine; the skirts are draped and lined with bead embroidery. Then there are crêpe de chine afternoon dresses with the new hip yoke and finely pleated skirt. Practical stitched-linen hats are 21s. 9d., those of baku being 39s. 6d. The newest of ideas are present in the pyjamas; they are from 39s. 6d.

## Slimming Belts.

Roussel of Paris, whose London salons are 177, Regent Street, W., is responsible for the ideal slimming belt; as a matter of fact it should really be designated a foundation garment. There are types to suit every figure. They are carried out in special soft Roussel patented elastic. Some of the models comprise belt and *brassière* in one single elastic weave; they are destined to mould the bust gently to the fashionable outline; they are exceptionally light, give firm support, glorious freedom, and correct awkward lines by a gentle massaging effect. A remarkable fact is that stout people see their excessive corpulence rapidly diminish, thanks to the continual massage produced by the action of the belts. Weak people, on the other hand, feel their muscles strengthened by the same auto-massage. They give graceful line, and are absolutely undetectable under even the lightest gown. On application this firm would send their illustrated brochure together with particulars regarding the taking of measurements.



## A WELL-BUILT TAILOR-MADE

Designed and carried out by Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W., in Saxony suiting, the skirt has pleats on one side and the coat is slightly waisted



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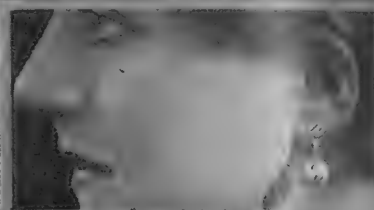
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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

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born a pearl  
And not a soul  
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*Pictures by Blake*





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## Topics of Varied Interest.

### That Troublesome Spring Sunshine.

Naturally everyone warmly welcomes the spring sunshine, nevertheless many women wish that its rays were not so penetrating, as they have such a troublesome knack of showing up minor skin troubles. Some suffer from a rather thick-looking under-skin with a greyish tinge. This is frequently due to the fact that during the winter months they have omitted to cleanse the skin properly. They may have used plenty of soap and water, but they are powerless to persuade the pores to yield up the impurities they have so eagerly collected. Rather should they have sought the aid of Pond's Cold Cream (1s. 3d.). It is composed of emollient oils which sink into the pores of the skin and soften and ease to the surface the minute accumulations of impurity which spoil the clear freshness of the complexion. All superfluous soiled cream must be removed with the Cleansing Tissues.

### A Touch of Vanishing Cream.

The skin is now ready to receive a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This protects it from the vagaries of the weather and is an excellent base for powder. A few words must be said about Pond's Skin Freshener (from 1s. per bottle), as the good work it performs during the warm weather cannot be over-estimated. It has the appearance of water; a small quantity should be placed on a pad of cotton-wool and then passed over the face; the eyelids and the crevices at the sides of the nose must be treated with the utmost care. If very tired it is a good thing to pass the cotton-wool behind the ears. It is excellent for use when travelling.



"A woman's looks are her business asset," declared Mr. Justice Horridge at Birmingham recently. Therefore all and sundry must seek the aid of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams as well as the Skin Freshener unless they desire to be handicapped in the race for professional or social success

### A Colour Harmony Chart.

Everyone was very interested in Jenson and Nicholson's exhibit at the Ideal Home Exhibition; as will be recalled, they are paint, varnish, and enamel manufacturers whose works are at Stratford and West-end Showrooms at 15, Berners Street, W. They succeeded in disclosing the possibilities of paint in modern decoration and introduced a series of novel treatments. The result was a standard that stimulated the imagination by the variety and novelty of its composition. The standard consisted of half-a-dozen panelled cubicles, each emphasizing a different decorative treatment and medium. This modern feeling was particularly well expressed by a gold and black effect in one cubicle; a cheerful nursery in changing shades of yellow in another. They have issued a Velure Colour Harmony Chart which is of the greatest assistance in obtaining an appreciation of colour harmonies and contrasts. A fact that cannot be too widely disseminated is that the cost of this chart is 9d.

### Radium v. Grey Hair.

Everyone who looks the matter frankly in the face admits that grey hairs are not a desirable asset. It is not necessary to be handicapped with them as Caradium will conquer them. It is guaranteed not to be a dye, although it restores the natural colour of the hair quickly, safely, and absolutely; this is due chiefly to the radio-active water with which it is prepared. Furthermore it stops the hair falling and gives it a new lease of life, health, and beauty. It is sold in 4s. and 7s. 6d. bottles at all stores of prestige, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining its application must be made to Caradium, 38, Great Smith Street, Westminster, who will gladly send the name and address of their agent together with the brochure.

**POPE & BRADLEY**  
Civil Military & Naval Tailors  
of OLD BOND, ST LONDON-W.

BANK HEAD OFF



GOLDEN CALVES

## THE SUPREMACY OF LONDON

LONDON is rightly famed for its tailors. Our reputation is the highest in the world, and men of every country buy their clothes from us. As a craft the London tailors maintain an unchallenged supremacy over all nations.

The House of Pope & Bradley does not pose as the only firm which can build superlative clothes. There are several other excellent firms, in the historic neighbourhoods of Bond Street and Savile Row, whose productions are on a level with ours—we will not say better, simply because no firm employs more brilliant cutters, better hand tailors, or uses finer materials.

But, without advice, it is difficult to locate these particular firms. There are very few of them—merely a handful. They do not advertise, they depend on personal recommendations, tradition, and their own good name. Unfortunately, some of the Houses with the best of names have slipped behind the times; they have not kept pace with present-day modes and methods, and have become inclined towards conservatism in fashion. The House of Pope & Bradley is always a little ahead in the matter of style, and many of the apparently small but essential changes in men's dress have originated with us.

We, too, depend for our progress on personal recommendation. For every one new client who comes to us through these advertisements, our statistics show that three are sent on the recommendations of their friends.

Though a few other firms may reach the same level of production, the House of Pope & Bradley has an individuality distinct from any other in the trade. It has a unique personality. Our materials are exclusive and individual—for many of them are manufactured specially to our own design, and are confined to us alone. Hard-wearing worsteds of unobtrusive yet subtle designs and colours, beautiful mellow saxonies that melt to the touch—a delight to handle; gay, carefree chevots and tweeds for golf and week-end suits—we specialise in such things.

Our cutters—the finest men that it is possible to employ—work on a unique system. Their consistent high standard has contributed more to the success of the firm than any other factor.

Finally, the atmosphere of the House is unique. When you come for your first fitting, and are taken to our reception rooms, the personality of the House will be impressed upon you in an agreeable and wholly original manner, and in these days of undistinguished mass production personality retains its value.

There is yet one other point in which we differ from the few other firms whose standard of production equals ours—the few Houses which put distinction and style into their clothes, and employ hand labour only (a most expensive but ultimately economical item). That difference is in our prices, which are considerably lower because our terms do not admit of bad debts.

Lounge Suits from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fifteen guineas, Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

**14 OLD BOND STREET W.**  
2, 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.  
ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER






## Dear Lady Simplicity

For a dinner *tête à tête* what happier choice of perfume could you make than the Yardley Lavender?—intimate, tender, yet elusive as womanhood itself. The simple beauty of its fragrance never fails to charm. Best-loved of perfumes that Fashion ever sponsored! Wistful. Winsome. Caressing!

# LAVENDER



*The Lovable Fragrance*  
by  YARDLEY

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8 New Bond Street  
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**Q** The Yardley Lavender Series includes Lavender from 2/6 a bottle, in fancy bottles from 6/9, Lavender Soap—'The Luxury Soap of the World'—2/6 a box of three tablets, Face Powder 1/9, Compact 2/- or with Rouge 3/6, Face Cream 1/6, Talcum 1/2, Bath Salts 2/6, and Gift Cases from 2/9 to 70/-—of all chemists, coiffeurs, and stores.

Since  
1770



## Youthful in Contour and Complexion

**B**EAUTIFUL women the world over owe their rejuvenated looks to Eleanor Adair's Scientific Treatments. By her famous original Strapping Muscle Treatment and Preparations double chins are transformed into the youthful poise of a chiselled contour. Eleanor Adair also specialises in a marvellous treatment to cure tired, lined eyes.

*Eleanor Adair specially invites ladies to call at her Salon, where expert advice can be had free of charge.*

### EASTERN MUSCLE OIL :

There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck. 5/6, 10/6, 21/6

### GANESH DARA :

Removes superfluous hair by the roots, leaving the skin smooth and white. Easy to apply, perfectly safe and recommended by doctors. 10/6

### GANESH EASTERN SKIN FOOD

nourishes the skin, keeps it soft and supple. A tissue-builder specially prepared for dry and tender skins. 2/6 and 6/6

### GANESH CHIN STRAP

keeps the face in shape and the mouth closed during sleep. Also removes double chins. 21/6, 25/6 and 27/6

### ELECTROLYSIS :

Antiseptic Electrolysis is done in the Adair Salons by experts only. Roots of superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, purl spots, etc., removed without marking the skin.

*The Ganesh Preparations are specially prepared in the Adair Salons and have been awarded Medals and Certificates for their supreme purity. Of leading Stores and Chemists or direct in plain cover.*

### GANESH DIABLE SKIN TONIC

is an excellent tonic for the skin, which is strengthened and whitened. Closes open pores. 5/6, 7/6, 10/6 and 21/6

Write for particulars of our "HOME TREATMENT" or call for FREE CONSULTATION and ADVICE. Beauty Booklet sent gratis on request.

# Eleanor Adair

Telephone: 30, OLD BOND ST., W.1 (Piccadilly end)  
Gerrard 1148  
5, Rue Cambon, Paris 2, Place Louise, Brussels Switzers, Dublin and Cologne.  
Under Royal Patronage. Recommended by the Medical Profession.



SIR HAROLD BOWDEN

Snapped when he was at his fishing on the Tweed. Sir Harold Bowden is the Managing Director of the Raleigh Cycle Company

grad in June, the Bolsheviks had moved the clock forward three hours, so that real midnight was at three in the morning.

I had an impulse to yield myself up to the Tcheka and insist on the release of my friend the doctor. But the guns of Krasnaya Gorka were booming music of hope out in the gulf. Surely the British would come to the aid of the garrison, Cronstadt would capitulate, and in a day or two we should all be free. I resolved to hang on.

Along the street militiamen were rounding up belated pedestrians who had not read the ten o'clock order. I found a niche in the archway of a church. Could I stand there all night unobserved? Possibly, had it been dark, but not in broad daylight.

I decided to hurry down to the river and hide in the lumber on the banks. But at the first bridge was a patrol. I turned along a side road and got away into the country.

Woods and trees were far away on the horizon, but in the middle of the open fields I espied bushes. A marsh, but how welcome! I lay down in the scrub and listened all night to the booming of the guns. The weather was warm, and the mosquitoes were already out. They were a nuisance.

In the morning I gathered a bundle of sticks, as if that was what I had sought, and returned to town. Among a crowd of verminous peasants at a railway station I found a resting-place for the day.

In the evening the house-searchings recommenced. Must I return to my mosquito-ridden bog? I knew of no other refuge. In good time I made my way out of town, but by a different road.

(Continued on p. x)

## Secret Service in Red Russia—cont.

He was doing the same work as I. Perhaps it would not be unfair to accept his offer.

I approached his address late in the evening. He was right in saying he lived in seclusion. Near the outskirts of the town, in the corner of the yard of an old house, was his modest habitation, with an entrance beneath a dark portico.

I rang the bell several times without effect, and was about to retire in despair, wondering what on earth I should do for the night, when at last the door was opened an inch or two.

I recognized the face that peered through the aperture. When he saw me he blanched. I did not need to say why I had come. It was obvious. But it was equally obvious that I was intensely unwelcome.

"I cannot take you in," he faltered. "There is sure to be a search; they are looking for you everywhere."

"I come at your invitation," I said.

"I cannot take you in," he repeated.

I was desperate, but I felt it would be ungentlemanly to insist.

"I wish you luck," he stammered. "I am sorry." And the door closed in my face.

When I emerged into the street I felt certain that I could not survive the night without capture. An order had been posted on the walls that after ten o'clock no one should be in the streets. It was now eleven, but yet broad daylight, for besides the fact that it never gets dark in Petro-



SIGNORETTA CARMEN SANGUENENA

Who was at Sir Harold Bowden's fishing house party on the Tweed, and is here observed taking measures against rude Boreas or one of his brother winds



# During the Run



The happiest choice for refreshment while motoring is Schweppes Ginger Ale, the ideal non-alcoholic and thoroughly enjoyable drink. Its guaranteed purity, excellence, and delightfully lively character maintain the supreme popularity, among non-intoxicating beverages, of

## Schweppes GINGER ALE

FOR THE CAR: Motorists can obtain Schweppes Ginger Ale (also Tonic Water and Lemonade) in convenient cartons containing 3 large bottles or 6 small bottles, complete with Crown cork opener.



order — SCHWEPPE'S SODA WATER • TONIC WATER • GINGER BEER • LEMON SQUASH • CIDER • ETC.

## Secret Service in Red Russia—cont.

I was avoiding completely the parts of the city I habitually frequented, and did not know this other part at all. I came upon an old cemetery, and thinking of the Smolensk cemetery at the other end of the city where my papers were hidden in Madame O.'s family vault, I climbed through the broken palings to look around.

The part of the cemetery I had tumbled upon was that devoted to a sect called the Old Believers. It had long been disused and fallen into neglect. The huge and clumsy wooden crosses stood at weird angles, half overgrown with grass and nettles.

I looked about for stone tombs or vaults, and found one that was not too tumbledown to crawl into. There I lay, listening to the intermittent firing in the gulf.

Who was my "host" in this strange refuge? I could just decipher the name on the tombstone: "Michael Semashko, died 1880."

Four nights I spent in the old cemetery. Sometimes I lay within the tomb, sometimes in the grass outside. Inside it was damp and mouldy, outside were the mosquitoes. There was not much to choose.

On the fourth night, unable to sleep, I sat on the tomb, ruminating despondently. Suddenly the bushes a few paces away were parted and a bearded face stared straight at me. The face was as hastily withdrawn and I heard a disturbance in the grass and bushes. Fearing treachery, I crept nearer. The man was making off as fast as he could with a wooden cross under his arm, what for I have no idea. I quickly got out of the cemetery in the other

direction and walked into the city. The next night I was able to sleep in a house in town. The guns of Krasnaya Gorka had been silenced. The garrison was wiped out while their "White" compatriots and their allies stood by and waited.

The officer who turned me away from his door repented bitterly later, and strove in many ways to make amends. He had relatives staying with him, he said. I understood and bore him no resentment. I demanded nothing of anybody, and was more grateful than I can ever express to those who, believing in the fidelity of Russia's former allies, risked at times their all on my behalf.

Later when I was back in London I was asked about the Krasnaya Gorka episode by Mr. Winston Churchill, the only member of the Government who appeared to know his own mind and have a clear policy.

I told him I believed if one single battleship had approached Cronstadt at that moment the latter would have surrendered. Petrograd could have been occupied, and the course of Russian history completely changed; and that pernicious organized Red propaganda which has ever since emanated from Russia, and is still the canker of the whole world, could have been frustrated and brought to naught.

But it was not to be. British labour after the War, hypnotized by the Bolshevik mirage, clamoured for recognition of the Soviets. It remained for Lenin himself to disillusion the British workers with his twenty-one points and his insistence on the violent shedding of blood, and for Britain to be cured by a costly course of homeopathic treatment.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



AT THE BLANKNEY POINT-TO-POINT

Howard Barrett

A group of Colonel and Mrs. Edmund Royd's house party which they had for this meeting. In this picture are: Standing—Major Philip Gribble, Commander Lord George Seymour, Colonel Edmund Royds, Mr. Paul Seymour, and Captain Aldersey: seated—Mrs. Philip Gribble, Lady George Seymour, Mrs. Edmund Royds, Miss Patricia Seymour, Miss Cynthia Skipworth, and Mrs. Aldersey

**The ATCO ALL BRITISH MOTOR MOWERS**

ON the large areas of lawn on the Racecourse at "Charming Chepstow" the ATCO Motor Mower has proved its efficiency and economy. Let us prove this to you by a Free Demonstration. Prices from 21 guineas, or £6 down.

**THE CHEPSTOW RACECOURSE CO. LTD.**  
17 WELSH STREET, CHEPSTOW.

Dear Sirs,  
I am pleased to inform you that the ATCO lawn mower which you supplied to the Chepstow Racecourse Co., three years ago has been in constant use ever since and has given every satisfaction.  
Owing to the large area of lawns to be covered it is in constant use all the summer and has never let us down.  
Yours truly,  
W. H. Pugh

*A letter from the Resident Manager of Chepstow Racecourse.*

CHARLES H. PUGH LTD 12 TILTON ROAD BIRMINGHAM



# BUCHANAN'S



BY APPOINTMENT



"BLACK & WHITE"

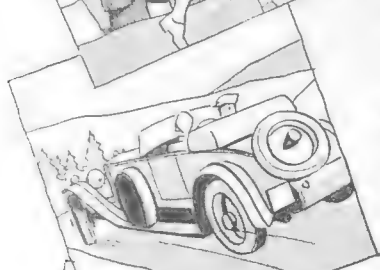
WORLD RENOWNED  
FOR  
AGE AND QUALITY



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JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., LONDON AND GLASGOW.

# The All-Service Weatherproof



Motoring, fishing, golfing, walking — you need a Zambrene whenever you are out-of-doors. In a Zambrene you can enjoy any weather, and your movements are unrestricted. Cut on easy yet smart lines, a Zambrene is the ideal weatherproof for every occasion. Get a Zambrene—you'll be glad of it.

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 WEATHERPROOFS

The Best Rubberless Raincoats for All Occasions.

Made in London by Zambrene Ltd., 3 b, Cannon Street, E.C. 4, and sold by all leading stores throughout the world.



## Pictures in the Fire—continued

the digestion, épée fighting is a really useful thing to learn. I know nothing about the foil though I think it very pretty to watch, and the sabre is more like slogging than science; but the épée is the jewel, and he who learns how, at once turns his umbrella or his walking-stick into a deadly weapon. To use the point is ten times quicker and more efficacious than a swinging cut which telegraphs its arrival. Even fencing I expect some fellows know how unpleasant it is when they get one on the Adam's apple, even when protected by the “beard” of the mask. Without any protection, a “putt” on this spot causes temporary local paralysis, and is as devastating as that jiu-jitsu blow with the side of the hand. A blade that is new and not whipped makes for accuracy and punch! The real stars tell you that you never ought to be hit above the elbow, and they are so quick and so good at footwork, which is about 75 per cent. of the game, that they rarely are, so that no duel between two masters ought to end fatally or even uncomfortably; but with those who may not be so quick at the jump back off the left foot, and are not such good shots, of course, it might be different. I knew a case in which someone who was too full of himself and could not rid himself of the habit of speaking out of his turn, who was invited by someone else to come and have a little innocent fencing match, the only condition being “not even a glove,” but, of course, good fat blobs on the points. He tried to pretend that he thought the other fellow was



AT THE CO. DOWN POINT-TO-POINT

The famous Northern Ireland staggers held their hunt 'chases at Newtownards and there was a bumper crowd, of which this group is a part. Left to right; Lady Elizabeth Meade, Miss Rosemary Coke, Mrs. Rowan Hamilton, Mr. David Cuthbert, and Miss Rosemary Wilson. Lady Elizabeth Meade is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam. Miss Coke is a daughter of the Hon. John Coke and the Hon. Mrs. Coke (who is a daughter of Viscount Burnham). Mr. Cuthbert is a son of Captain James Cuthbert

joking, and he endeavoured to laugh it off; but he would not take it on because, probably, he knew, or someone must have told him, that he was on what is known as a good hiding to nothing. It is chiefly as an antidote to adipose and a recipe for long life—provided always you steer clear of any unpleasant encounters—that this ancient and healthy form of exercise is so useful.

\* \* \*

Homer, as one was told when a boy, though a most careful and wide awake person, had been known to nod occasionally, and now it appears from a nice little story which comes to me from Cape Town, that staff work in Heaven is sometimes a bit faulty. This is the way of it. Henry Duma, a native, appeared before the court at Umzimkulu, in Eastern Griqualand, charged with entering Transkeian territory without a pass. Evidence had been given that Duma had been preaching in the Umzimkulu district among location natives. Henry elected to give evidence in his own defence, and stated that some years ago he became ill and subsequently died. He duly went to Heaven, where he was granted an interview with the Almighty, Who, after telling him of the bad things he had done in the world, said: “Henry, I’m going to send you back into the world to preach to all people.” He was furnished with wings for the trip, but no pass. Henry was fined £3—there was a previous conviction against him for a similar offence. If he had produced the wings, or even a few feathers, he might have beaten them, but he didn’t.



## DREAMS BY WORTHINGTON



## THE CELLO-PLAYER'S DREAM

## Weddings and Engagements



Hay Wrightson  
MISS FREDA ABELSON

The second daughter of Mr. Seymour Abelson of 7, Cannon Place, Hampstead, whose engagement was announced last month to Mr. Maxwell Morris.

quietly on the 20th at Christ Church,

### Summer Weddings.

On June 2, Mr. Schröder and Miss Darell are being married at St. Margaret's, Westminster; the next month, July 5, there is the marriage of Mr. Geoffrey Illingworth and Miss Grace Rose, which is to be at Effingham Church.

### The Merry Month.

Mr. David Richard Evans, the Royal Welch Fusiliers, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Evans of Dogpole, Shrewsbury, is marrying Miss Betty Reiss, the daughter of Lieut. - Colonel and Mrs. Alec Reiss of 2, Egerston Mansions, S.W., on May 8 at the Oratory; another May wedding is that between Brig.-General Michael Edward Willoughby, C.B., C.S.I., C.M.G., late 2nd Lancers, I.A., and Miss Muriel Ethel Faulkner - Wilkinson, second daughter of the late Captain George Faulkner - Wilkinson, 68th (Durham) Light Infantry, and the late Mrs. Faulkner - Wilkinson, which takes place at Lancaster Gate.



Hay Wrightson  
MISS NORAH ENGHOLM

Whose engagement was announced early in the year to Mr. George Lionel Ebbels, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Engholm of Chelsea Court

### Recently Engaged.

Lieut.-Colonel R. H. Baldwin, late the East Surrey Regiment, youngest son of the late Colonel A. T. Baldwin, and Miss Ottie Evelyn Dermer, eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Dermer; Mr. Bernard McEntegart, R.A.F., third son of the late Mr. William McEntegart and Mrs. McEntegart of West Derby, Liverpool, and Miss Anne Patmore, youngest daughter of Mrs. Patmore of Brae, near Dumfries, Scotland; Dr. William S. C. Copeman, M.R.C.P., of 15, Harley Street, W., and Miss Helen Bourne, youngest daughter of the late Mr. W. W. Bourne and Mrs. Bourne of Garston Manor, near Watford, Hertfordshire; Lieut.-Commander Geoffrey Phillips Dixon, Royal Navy, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Dixon of Salvington, Worthing, and Miss Elizabeth Natalie Meglaughlin, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Meglaughlin of Cape Town; Mr. John E. Chinneck, only son of Mrs. R. P. Chinneck, and Miss Joy Cheesewright, daughter of Mrs. G. R. Bacot of Harts Hall, Felbridge, East Grinstead.



Bassano  
MISS BETTY DEVAS

Who is to marry Captain C. Scott-Hopkins of Low Hall, Kirby Moorside, Yorkshire, is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Devas of Burvale House, Hersham, Walton-on-Thames



## NOSE stopped up?

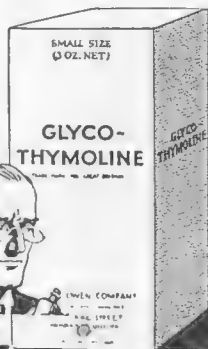
It's so simple to get rid of that uncomfortable sensation. Just use Glyco-Thymoline as directed with a spray. Your nose will be quite clear in a few minutes! The stuffiness was really caused by an irritation of the mucous membrane (the delicate lining of your nose, throat and stomach, etc.). Glyco-Thymoline soothes and heals it. Doctors prescribe it for such conditions. In fact, Glyco-Thymoline sold for 25 years on their recommendation alone!

It is well to take a little care in buying to see that you really do get Glyco-Thymoline. Something that sounds like Glyco-Thymoline may not act like Glyco-Thymoline. Pronounce the "y's" as in "sky."

INSIST UPON THE GENUINE

# GLYCO-THYMOLINE

Thos. Christy & Co.  
4/12 Old Swan Lane  
London, E.C.4

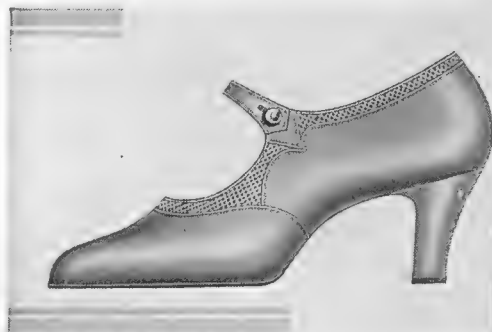


At all Chemists  
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The Prescription your Phys'cian writes



"Pré Catalan"



"Sonja"

"PRÉ CATELAN"—Brown willow calf shoe punched in a new design. Also stocked in black - - 42/-

"SONJA"—Hazel glaze strap shoe, with lizard fittings in self colour - - 63/-

THE LONDON SHOE COMPANY Ltd.,

116 & 117 New Bond Street, W.1. 21 & 22 Sloane Street, W.1, 260-264 Regent Street, W.1.



# ON MONDAYS

★ ★ ★

*"He can live without love,  
What is passion but pining?  
But civilised man cannot live without  
dining."*

Owen Meredith.

He used to be rude about the cold joint and allude to it as "Ichabod" And poke the tomatoes about to find one that wasn't squashy, and leave the apple tart's pastry on his plate and talk about "Heavy Handed Hannahs" and . . .

Well you know how things *used* to be on Mondays . . . till *you* thought of that shattering retort,

"All right, you buy me a Frigidaire then!"

Of course, he did in the end—and now Monday sees Ichabod metamorphosed into vol-au-vent, since cook's pastry has miraculously acquired a flaky lightness (only because she chills it in Frigidaire before popping it in the oven), and the salad always seems fresh picked, it's so cool and crisp, and everybody wants to know who your butcher is because they've "never eaten such tender steak, my dear" (which, of course, is due to Frigidaire again), and *he* swears Frigidaire would be worth twice its price if only for the difference it makes to beer, and . . .

★ ★ ★

we could go on for hours like this, but how about you having a Frigidaire of your own? The very latest models, fitted with Cold Control that produces frozen sweets, ice creams, in a jiffy, can be installed in your kitchen for a very small sum. Fully automatic. Dead silent. Costs only a few pence a week to run. Start seeing about yours by sending in the coupon.



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complete information about Frigidaire.

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## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

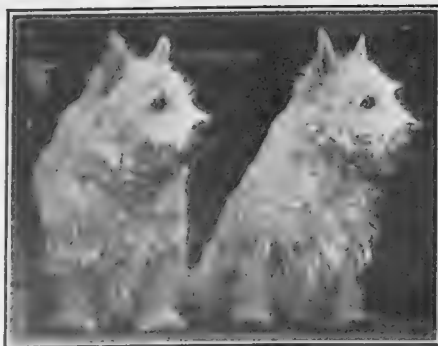
By the time these Notes appear the entries for our Open Show will have closed. The Show should be well worth a visit, as it promises to be unusually interesting, and I remind all those who are not members that it takes place on May 14 and 15 at Olympia. In some ways the second day is most interesting to the lay spectator. The breed classes have been judged, so the prize-winners can be seen; also on the second day the judging for the best dog in the Show takes place, entailing a parade of champions; and also the Alsatian Obedience classes and the Children's classes are judged.

Our Members' Show will take place at the Crystal Palace on December 4. It is hoped to hold a dinner the night before.

Cockers are such popular dogs and so many of our members help them that the forthcoming Cocker Show will arouse great interest. The Show is to be held on June 10 in the grounds of Abbey Lodge, Chertsey, by kind permission of Captain Williams, who is most generously assisting the Show in every way. It is the first Show ever held by the Cocker Spaniel Club, and in view of the large entries at shows of late is certain to be a success.



ANN KAVANAGH AND SOME SCHNAUZER PUPPIES



CH. WOLVEY CLOVER AND

CH. WHITE SYLVIA

The property of Mrs. Pacey

There are forty classes and numerous cups and specials.

It is always pleasant to hear from Miss Aldridge; she sends a good account of her Pekingese. She has been granted the prefix of "Sunni-land" and hopes to get together a really good kennel of parti-colours and whites. Her dogs are

fortunate; they are all house-pets and kept indoors, and have a large garden to play in. Miss Aldridge is only sorry that, living as she does in Guernsey, she finds it impossible to get to shows. The journey is not only trying to her but upsets the dogs. She would be pleased to show her dogs to any members visiting Guernsey. Miss Aldridge has done remarkably well at the Channel Island shows.

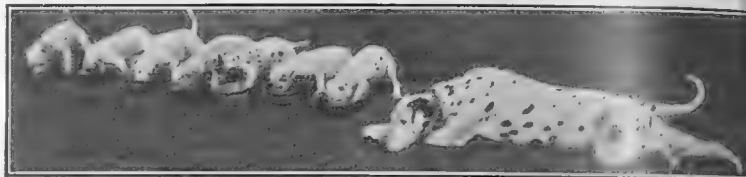
In spite of the departure of carriages, "carriage dogs" flourish more than ever. Under their proper name of Dalmatians they fill classes at shows. They are striking-looking dogs and would catch the eye anywhere. Miss Grant Ives sends a perfectly delightful picture of one of her ladies presiding over the nursery dinner. The puppies are for sale; of course they are as well bred as possible.

Another attractive picture of the young comes from Mrs. Kavanagh; one can hear the pup on the left protesting. Schnauzers are steadily making their way and one now sees them about—always a sign of prosperity. Mrs. Kavanagh is one of the great authorities on the breed, and those who have her dogs are sure of getting the right type. Owing to Mrs. Jeffreys' absence abroad the "Chavalard" partnership has been dissolved, and the kennel and affix have reverted to Mrs. Kavanagh.

No apology is needed for giving a photograph of two of Mrs. Pacey's world famous White West Highlanders. It is always interesting and instructive to a lover of a breed to see the best, and anything with the "Wolvey" prefix is sure to be that.

Miss Bruce-Smith has some black Cocker puppies for sale, just ready for breaking. She is anxious to sell them before they get too old for training, one especially would win on the bench.

All letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



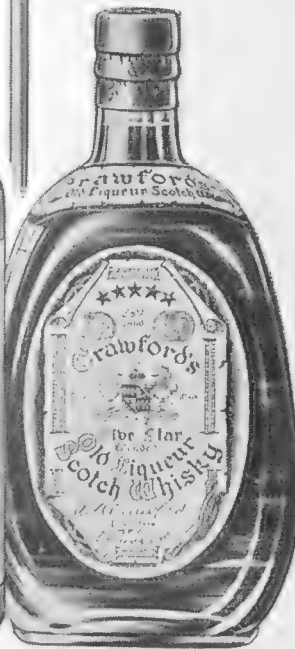
DALMATIANS

The property of Miss Grant Ives

# Crawford's

## LIQUEUR

### SCOTCH WHISKY



"SPECIAL RESERVE"  
and  
★★★★ OLD LIQUEUR



## Two Winners!

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**Hard work  
never brought you  
those heavy eyes,  
that pasty skin.**

**The foodways  
of your body —  
clogged through  
UNSUSPECTED  
CONSTIPATION  
— are slowly  
poisoning you**

# ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'



The habit of waiting until constipation becomes acute, and then using some crude and violent purgative, should be unthinkable to any intelligent person. Two wrongs do not make a right. To abuse in such a manner the delicate tissues of your foodways, already steeped in the poisons of constipation, is to risk serious harm. Eno's "Fruit Salt," on the other hand, simply restores those motive salines which are present in a complete natural dietary, but notoriously lacking in our modern food. These salines act by the natural process of osmosis, retaining in the foodway sufficient fluid to dilute and dismiss the stagnant contents, and leaving it clean and sweet. Look after yourself. Take ENO first thing every morning. And avoid all dangerous substitutes.

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**—that's truest  
of all of paint**



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Send a post card now for free tint card of Combinal's beautiful colours. If you wish we will send you the name of your nearest decorator who regularly uses Combinal; he will gladly tell you about its exceptional features and also about a beautiful Flat Combinal if you prefer this kind of finish.

GOODLASS WALL & CO., LTD.,  
LIVERPOOL.

## The Black Orchid—continued.

Three hours of dreary climbing took him to the foot of a glacier where the path turned aside to take an easier way through a tiny valley; Spargholt was crossing a bed of detritus at the mouth of the valley when a great rock came hurtling without warning out of the sky and missed him by inches. The carriers stopped as if struck into stone, then shed their bundles and turned away; only threats would induce them to take up the journey.

"Devils are on this path, sar," explained the body-servant. "They do not like the way the stone devil came at you."

"Go to the devil yourself," said Spargholt angrily. "You can tell them that they shall not have a penny of pay if they do not go on."

The coolies sullenly obeyed, but that very fact made Spargholt feel the more annoyed when the path ahead proved to be blocked by a formidable landslide; there was nothing to be done except to turn back and try to find another path across the glacier ice. The mien of both coolies and servant suggested that this state of affairs must be the work of evil spirits, until Spargholt could have willingly kicked the whole baggage train off the face of the nearest cliff.

But when at length they regained the glacier they found that some shifting stone had carried a huge mass of snow from the peak above on to the snout of the glacier, effectively closing that path with soft snow several feet deep. To add to Spargholt's discomfort, the light rain began to thicken into sleet and the thermometer to fall. If he had been a superstitious man he would have admitted that the luck had departed from his venture; as it was he swore and turned once more in the direction of Schuze 'En.

One thing he determined upon. Unsure of his reception by the monks he might be forced to camp in the lee of their walls, but he would not again go through the great gates; a resolution which he was destined to carry out, although not quite as he intended.

Directly the carriers started towards the monastery their spirits began to rise as if by agreement; they sang, chattered, and laughed, only now and again some group would look at Spargholt and a silence would fall, the silence which chills an assembly on the entrance of a very sick man. So they travelled until the path brought them out upon the crag which overlooked the courtyard of Schuze 'En.

Spargholt had fallen behind the column while he examined a blistered heel, when the excited cry of his servant made him start up and run past the women, each with her bundle, to the point of rock which hung out over the gorge; for a moment he thought that the man was ill, then he followed the direction of his pointing finger, and saw, wedged in a crevice of wet rock, a black bud.

It was fifteen or twenty feet away, along a perilous narrow ledge where a huge round stone was lodged at the tip of the crag; a point which no man could have gained, however surefooted, without a rope. Bare rock fell away from the ledge, bare rock fell from it a hundred feet sheer to the monastery; in such a place it was hard to see how a flower could have rooted, and Spargholt, remembering the rotted wood in which the other orchid rested, did for a moment suspect a trap; but no man could hide along that ledge and Spargholt had never been a coward.

"Give me a rope," he commanded, and tied himself strongly, testing the hemp and twisting it once round a pine trunk before he gave the end into the carriers' hands; then letting himself gently down on to the ledge he started to the edge along it, followed by the coolies above. Grasping at the bare face of the rock for support he gained the end of the path; the black bud was within a couple of arms'-length now, he could see the reddish-brown stems that twined upwards over the flower, and leaned one hand upon the great rock for support while he bent over to clutch his prize. His hand closed upon the bud, his full weight set the great stone rocking to and fro and he threw himself back, but too late—pendulum-like the stone went back with him, then forward and heeled over, crashing down into the pines below. Spargholt, thrown off his balance, pawed wildly at the air, lost his footing and tumbled, spinning like a spider on the end of his rope.

Even then, if the coolies had held tight he must have been saved, but as he felt they let the end of the rope go; it whipped round the trunk and over the edge, gave a lash in the air and streamed out into a thin tail as Spargholt, hurtling through the air a clear hundred feet, smashed on to the stones of the monastery courtyard.

The awed coolies saw the monks gather like brown bees round his body, but they could not see the tall monk stoop and pull out a specimen case, or wrench the black bud from his stiffening hand, nor could they follow the slow procession which went to restore the Buddha-flowers to their place; enough for baggage carriers that they would receive their pay from the monks for their part in Spargholt's death.

If under an avalanche of snow, a young monk, by whose act it fell, lies buried in atonement for the sin of sleep, who can tell of his confession to an old priest in the shadows of the Buddha hall? Or who can know if a plan was concocted by one and put into practice by the other? The tall monk paid the coolies by the abbot's order; the young monk can no longer speak; only an old, old priest robed in rusty wool is able to tell the truth, and he sits all day long in meditation among the images, one still hand twined round a rosary of polished beads.



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CO. LTD. LONDON



MR. L. H. T. CLIFF

The well-known lawn tennis player and gentleman rider with his new Gipsy Moth. Mr. Cliff is a member of the Cinque Ports Flying Club

member of the club, has now taken delivery of his new Gipsy Moth. Mr. Cliff is known as a tennis player and steeplechase rider.

### Air Eddies—cont.

spun. It is to be hoped that by the time this appears she will have completed her flight to Cape Town and back successfully.

#### Gliding.

Gliding continues to progress satisfactorily, but there seems to be a risk that those who have done one or two hops in the Zogling machines will thereafter lose interest. It is clear that little sustained interest can be hoped for from practice in the Zoglings alone, and if gliding is to become and remain popular as many people as possible must be passed on to the Prufing and sail-plane stages when the real sport begins. In bringing about this advancement the school of gliding, which I hear Mr. Gordon England and the Master of Sempill are starting, will help. It will set pupils on a definite training programme which will lead them to the sail-plane or soaring stage without any chance of their enthusiasm fading away during transition periods.

The Cinque Ports Club must be congratulated upon doubling its flying hours for the year just ended as compared with the previous year. This club is certainly one of the most progressive. I hear that Mr. L. H. T. Cliff, a

### The Chronicles of a Mutt—cont.

smoke-room window to get off with the stuff, while Careworn would have gone back to bed to help in the hue and cry next morning. The police had been after him for years. He was an especially desperate character.

The rest of the week-end was delightful. Several times ladies asked my considered opinion. The whole party came to see me off at the station.

"Had to pretend! You see, I didn't want Careworn to guess I was a shot," I was saying as someone rushed up with a morning paper.

Excitedly, I read out the big headlines of my capture. The train was pulling out when Jane gave me a look, the sort of look that makes heroes of men. I would have got out and gone back, but I can never remember which foot one uses first in descending from a moving vehicle.

Messrs. Thos. Cook and Sons have perpetrated an interesting little journalistic effort which they have called *The Holiday-maker*, a small paper giving in its first number a good deal of interesting information to the intending traveller abroad or at home.



FLYING-OFFICER K. K. BROWN

The Chief Instructor of that thriving institution the Cinque Ports Flying Club. Flying-Officer K. K. Brown was formerly in No. 25 Squadron, R.A.F.



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The feeling that outdoor clothes offer an opportunity to break away from convention. The willingness, if you only knew how. The readiness to take reasonable risks. The discouraging memory of promising patterns, which became suits you *had* to wear. The idea of giving the "New Tailoring" a trial. The thought that it might keep you out of the bunkers. The hope that it might prove to be the tailoring fairway. The direct route to suits you want to wear. The sense of security on that fairway at

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The magnificent tweeds. The essential air of spring and the country about them all. The true-to-life fittings which include yours. The quality. The style. The tailoring. The conviction that you have at last found the way to eliminate tailoring hazards.

## SPORTS SUITS

in fine Scottish tweeds

5, 6 and 7 guineas

Also, a new idea exclusive to the "New Tailoring" :— Plus fours in a pattern that is an enlargement of that of the coat and waistcoat - - - 6 guineas.

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THE "NEW TAILORING" — The fit is assured when you choose clothes instead of cloth



Well matched at Malta: The combined teams which did battle in a recent Navy v. Army and Air Force encounter. Back row: Mrs. Osborne (Army), Mrs. Stevenson (Navy), Mrs. and Miss Carne (Navy), and Miss K. Warren (Navy); second row—Mrs. Sutton-Pratt (Army), Mrs. Campbell (Army), Mrs. Macpherson (Army), Mrs. Sergeaut (Navy), and Mrs. Hay (Army); sitting—Mrs. Macdonald (Army), Mrs. Fitzmaurice (Navy), Mrs. Casement (Army, captain), Mrs. Garnons-Williams (Navy), Mrs. Prosser-Williams (Navy, captain), Mrs. Forbes (Air Force), and Mrs. Heath (Army). It was a very close contest, the Army and Air Force winning by one match. Mrs. Casement was formerly Miss Mabel Harrison, the well-known Irish golfer

of these county championships (and fears of doing worse), would clutch at a straw in the shape of some tip, some universal prescription for how to save strokes or win holes. Now there is no tip which will fit everybody, but perhaps it would be safe to suggest that it is on the green where there is the most hope

## Eve at Golf : (Continued from p. 240)

of saving strokes and the most likelihood of squandering them. Perhaps a few putting suggestions might not come amiss. First of all practise putting. Not necessarily for long at a time, nor even on a perfect green, but just get into your mind the rhythm of how the putter moves, because I am quite convinced that it is the rhythm of the putter which matters more than anything else.

Has not everybody wasted a putt or two on the first few holes of a round because the putter feels strange. Have a putt or two before starting an important round. Naturally, if it is a medal round you must not go and putt on a green, but have a putt on the back of the first tee, across the dressing-room, anywhere, so long as you can just get the feel of the putter and see that it is moving smoothly and straight.

Those are two things to be aimed for, smoothness of movement and straightness of the putter's blade at any time of its "swing"; but personally I think there is something which helps still more—remember to accelerate through the ball. A clubhead which is dying away as it hits the ball will never keep a putt straight or persuade the ball into the hole; let the pace of the clubhead grow greater as it comes to the ball and right through the follow through, whether that be long or short. I do honestly believe that this acceleration through the ball is undoubtedly one of the best and first aids there is to putting. And the second is to keep your body perfectly still.



Truman Howell

In South Wales: Miss Barbara Pyman, champion of Glamorganshire for the second year in succession

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Also Sixteen Button length for Evening wear, in White only.

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PULL-ON WASHABLE MOCHA. In good shades of Sunburn and Grey. A useful Morning Glove.

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FINE PULL-ON FRENCH SUÈDE, lined silk throughout. In Dark Mastic, Mole, or Grey.

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PLAIN PULL-ON BEST FRENCH FINE WASHABLE SUÈDE.

In all the newest shades for the season (as sketch).

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ELASTIC WRIST WASHABLE NAPPA. In a useful shade of Light Tan.

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## First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and  
Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon

doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

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Size: 2½ inches by 1½ inches, in various Bindings, from 1/6 nett.

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# The man who lost his 'Gold Flakes'

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



WHERE ON EARTH DID HE LEAVE  
HIS GOLD FLAKES ?



LOOKS ON TABLE, PIANO AND  
MANTEL-PIECE



CALLS TO FAMILY UPSTAIRS HAS  
ANYBODY SEEN HIS CIGARETTES  
'THEY'VE DISAPPEARED



WIFE CALLS BRIGHTLY HERE THEY  
ARE AND TOSSES DOWN A PACKAGE  
WHICH ARE THE WRONG BRAND



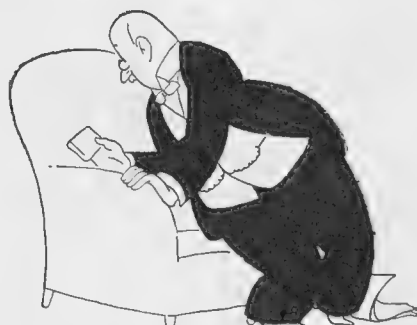
FANCY GIVING HIM ANYTHING  
BUT WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE  
WIFE OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER



SHOUTS SOMEBODY'S TAKEN THEM  
THAT'S ALL, WHY CAN'T THE FAMILY  
LEAVE HIS THINGS ALONE



SINKS GLOOMILY INTO CHAIR  
AGAIN AND MUTTERS TO  
HIMSELF



FEELS SOMETHING HARD UNDER  
HIM, INVESTIGATES AND FINDS  
HIS GOLD FLAKES WERE IN  
THE CHAIR ALL THE TIME



LIGHTS UP WHILE A GREAT  
PEACE BEGINS TO STEAL  
OVER HIM

GUYAS  
WILLIAMS

## Petrol Vapour—continued

### Fully Unconventional.

And this reminds me that the other day I was privileged to inspect a quite new sort of motor-car that may well have a big influence upon future design. As an "all on" saloon, with plenty of room for four passengers, it tips the beam at about 8 cwt. This, of course, means that it exploits some quite new methods of construction. I may not say who is its author, though I will mention that he is very well known in engineering circles, and has been closely connected with two very famous makes of car. His reputation is sufficient to guarantee that even if his vehicle looks freakish at first glance, there is nothing in the least impracticable about it. The body is of pressed steel or aluminium alloy in two halves. Riveted or welded together they form an immensely strong unit which requires no chassis at all. The back wheels are independently sprung, and merely carry two sets of brakes. The drive is taken by the front wheels, the engine gear-box, "diff," etc., all forming a compact unit. The front axle is rubber-suspended, and each wheel has a certain amount of independent action. One great advantage of this scheme is that you can have a 4, a 6, or an 8-cylinder power plant without affecting the car in the rear of such power plant. Also, for commercial purposes, you can detach the whole of the "working mechanism" and put in another outfit. No doubt before the job is brought to

practical "perfection" a few minor snags will have to be overcome, though I cannot pretend that I can see what they might be. But that the scheme has great possibilities leaves no room for scepticism, and it admirably proves that whilst we are always thinking we have attained it so closely to finality we are really just as far off it as ever—if not farther. By the way, I was talking in the last paragraph of being wrong in predictions. This is easy enough, but still there are times when one can be right, and years ago I predicted cars with rear-wheel drive and engines at the back.



AT THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE POINT-TO-POINT

A group taken of the stewards and other prominent people at the recent meeting at Caxton. At the back are: Mr. Douglas Crossman, M.F.H., Joint Master of the Cambridgeshire Hounds, Mr. E. J. Hopkins, the starter, Captain G. T. Hurrell, rider of Tell Tale, winner of the Farmers' Race, Mr. A. F. Towgood, the judge, and Mr. J. Dalzell, rider of Simon Macgregor, winner of the Ladies' Plate; seated—Mr. R. C. Farley, a steward, Mr. T. Hays, owner of Tell Tale, Mrs. Douglas Crossman, Mrs. G. R. C. Foster, Dr. K. C. Edwards, owner of Simon Macgregor, and Mr. G. R. C. Foster, the other Joint Master of the Cambridgeshire

R. S. Crisp

### Get this Book.

Few people have put the British (and American) motoring community under a heavier load of obligation than Mr. Charles L. Freeston who, these many years, has not only induced so many of us to tour France, Italy, Switzerland, but whose intimate knowledge of these countries has so effectively oiled our wheels for us. Now, in "The Roads of Spain," published by Humphrey Toulmin, he has literally opened up a new territory, especially to those who did not know that Spain has, during the last few years and under the ægis of King Alfonso, been very successfully making itself a "motorists' paradise." My own visit thither would have been greatly improved had Mr. Freeston's book been then available. Next time it will not be left behind, and the charm and the comprehensiveness of its contents assure that there will be a next time. I think of all the Freeston books this is the best . . . and that is saying a great deal.

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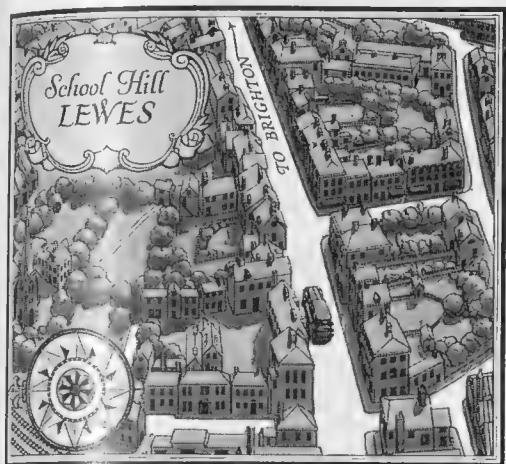
HUDSON-ESSEX MOTORS LIMITED, 35, GREAT WEST ROAD, LONDON, W.2.



# INTO BUSY LEWES . . .

past dangerous cross roads . . . up the 1-in-8

gradient of School Hill . . . *in top the whole way!*



PASSING through Lewes on the way to Brighton means climbing the 1-in-8 gradient of School Hill, the busy, narrow, main shopping street of the town . . . In most cars, drivers must change down to cross the switchback bridge and then must drop again to take the worst of the hill . . . But the Buick driver goes in top the whole way easily—10 m.p.h. for the dangerous cross roads—15 m.p.h. for the bridge—25 m.p.h. up the slope—10 m.p.h. at the Memorial! In the Buick—not one gear change in the long, slow ascent!

CLIMBING School Hill is not a spectacular feat—but it is troublesome for the drivers of most cars . . .

And it is typical of places in every town, on practically every country road! How often the driver of a car must change gear—again and again!

It is no surprise, then, that men who want a car which is trouble-free so often choose the Buick—because, except to start, the Buick driver rarely needs to change gear. This powerful car can do practically anything in top—instantly, with no effort at all!

Gliding through traffic, ascending the average steep hill, slowing to turn a blind corner—all this the Buick can do easily without a change down! . . .

This amazing top-gear performance is due to its famous overhead-valve engine developed through more than 26 years' devotion to sound engineering principles. . . . In the 1930 models this engine is 8% more powerful than in earlier Buicks.

Drive the new Buick and see for yourself what it will do. Any Buick dealer will gladly lend you one. No obligation . . .

Climb a hill in top . . . Slow down to 3 m.p.h.—then press the accelerator! In a flash you are at 60 m.p.h. (actually the Buick can accelerate, in top, from 10 m.p.h. to 40 in just 12 seconds)! Try it at 70 m.p.h.—then bring it to a stop! Its new internal-expanding Duo-Servo brakes halt it smoothly; almost instantly . . . And the new double-acting, hydraulic Lovejoy shock-absorbers and semi-elliptic springs create a degree of comfort in riding such as you never knew before . . .

You will realize then why this "top-gear car" has become one of the most widely chosen of all fine cars. Prices from £485 to £695 . . . (All models are obtainable by the G.M.A.C. plan of convenient payments.)

Look at the Marquette, too—lower in price—smaller and lighter than the Buick. The saloon is priced at only £335.

General Motors Limited, The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W. 9.

## BUICK

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



A 1930 Buick, Empire Saloon model, at the Crest of School Hill—in top!

## CAR CAMEOS

## The Black-Hawk Stutz

THERE are certain cars which I always find more difficult to describe than others with the absolute certainty of giving no opinion that might be misleading. For example, when a maker produces two cars of different powers and prices he naturally

applies much the same standards of quality and performance to both, and occasionally the smaller model comes so close to the other that it is hard to deal with it justly without seeming to disparage the big one.

This problem is singularly well illustrated in the case of the Straight-Eight Stutz and its more recently-produced derivation, the Black-Hawk Six. They come from the brain of the same designer and share, of course, many principles in common; in particular the low build that so well promotes stability, the worm final drive, the silent-third force-speed box, power-driven chassis-lubrication system, safety-glass all round, and numerous other refinements, most of which were Stutz features long before they were more generally adopted.

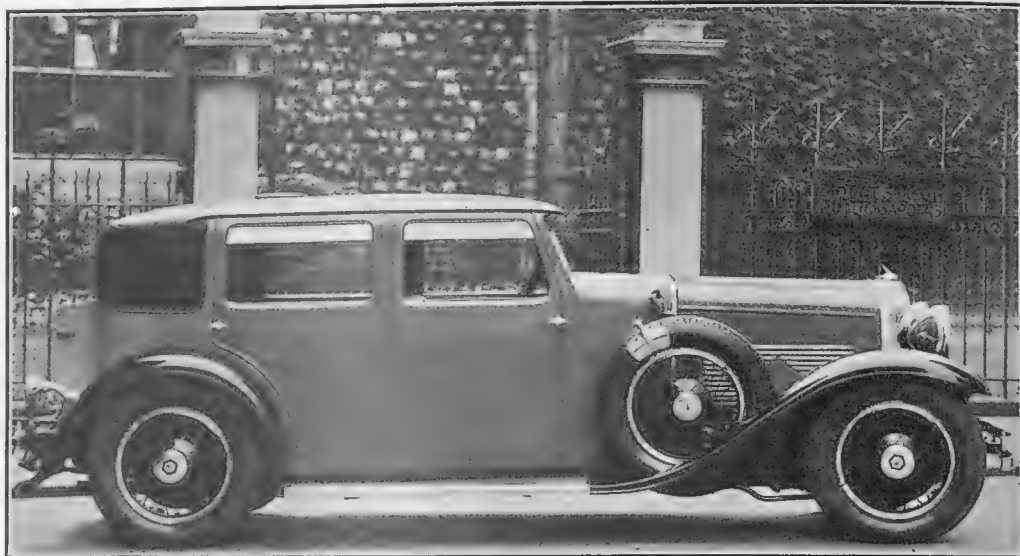
Now it goes without saying the maximum speed and the acceleration of the Eight are both a little better than those of the Six, as, having regard to price, they should be. But, frankly, there is not a great deal in it, for this Black-Hawk is a very striking performer. Once you are out

of the denser traffic, and unless you have to start off from rest on a gradient, it becomes a two-speed car, indeed you can practically forget that there is a gear-box at all. You hear nothing of it, and you can be safely defied to go wrong with the change, either up or down.

This constant absence of mechanical noise helps to accentuate the fact that everything under the bonnet, too, is unusually quiet. Yet to judge from the behaviour of this Stutz upon flats and gradients well known to me I would say that the engine was quite exceptionally efficient. But I do not suggest that it all comes from engine power alone. I suspect that a great deal of attention has been devoted to the reduction of all unnecessary weight. At all events few cars of my acquaintance show a more charming combination of effortless smoothness and really gripping vitality. A splendid vehicle for a high average speed withal, for no fault is to be found with the brakes, which at first touch seem almost too powerful.

The remainder of the chassis and the body-work (it was a standard saloon that I tried) offer very few pegs upon which I can hang any criticism.

barring these two small points, which would probably not exist if I were accustomed to them. Steering a little low in the gear ratio (surely this is not required upon so light and responsive a vehicle), and the front seat too upright in the back-rest. Otherwise, my masters, a very fine production from any point of view, and having regard to its all-round excellence (I forget to mention its wonderful detail work), thoroughly good value for the money it costs.



A SIX-CYLINDER BLACK-HAWK STUTZ FOUR-DOOR SPORTS WEYMANN SALOON

ABERDEEN  
approves  
Castrol  
economy!

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CASTROL

MOTOR OIL

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Messrs. C. C. Wakefield & Co., Ltd.,  
Wakefield House, E.C.2.  
Dear Sirs,

ABERDEEN.  
24th March, 1930.

AUSTIN SEVEN R.S. 8505.

Three years ago I purchased a standard open tourer costing then a little under £150. I decided then to use only one type of oil and I chose Wakefield **CASTROL XL**.

Since then the car has travelled over **35,000 miles** under the hardest possible use on the roads of this country and those of France and Switzerland.

During that time the engine has **only been twice decarbonised** and recently — after 35,000 — the engine was for the first time taken down and overhauled. It was found to be in **perfect condition**, piston rings being the only new material required; a result which can be accounted for only by the excellence of the lubrication of the oil used.

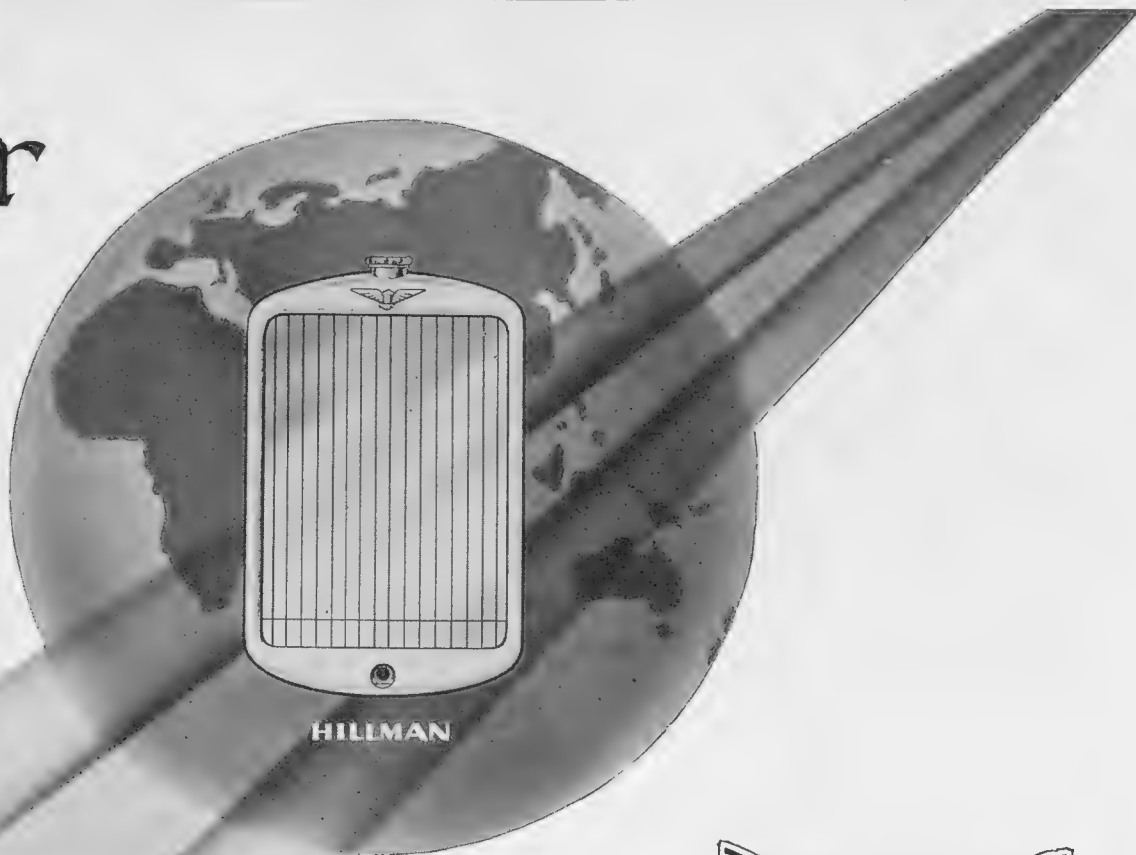
The performance of the car is better than ever and oil consumption is still about **1,200 M.P.G.**

I am,  
Yours faithfully,  
F. C. (signed)

P.S. You may use part or all of the above in any way you may choose. — F. C.



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CARS from  
£130 to £3000

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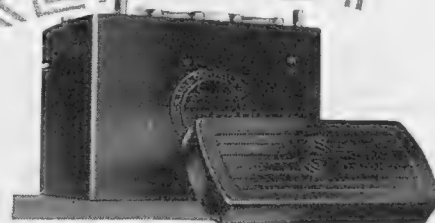
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MR. WALTER HAGEN

The American golfer, who is the present British Open Champion, photographed in a Vauxhall 20-26-h.p. Hurlingham sports roadster at Sydney

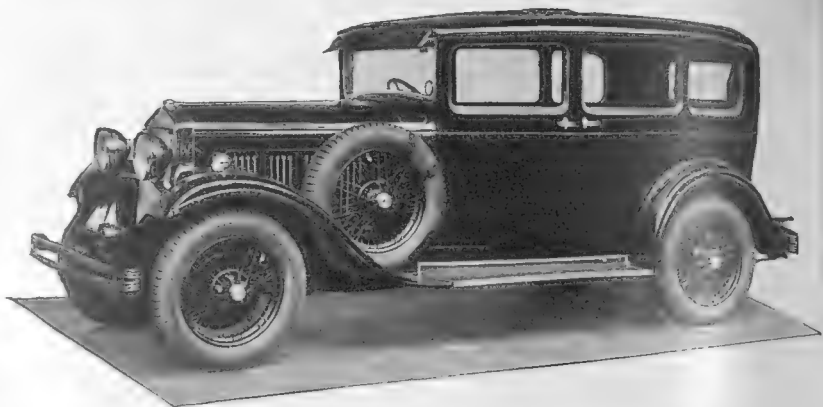
### Motor Notes and News.

Motorists in the Coventry district are often surprised by the sight of numbers of small saloons with bodywork of so queer a design that they resemble miniature "Black Marias." Actually these cars are Triumph Super-Sevens undergoing their chassis test. The observer may well be excused for mistaking them for small "Black Marias," for they are nicknamed by the testers "Pentonville" models, since the occupants are totally enclosed! The reason for these strange bodies was explained recently; they have been made specially to detect any chassis noise. The windows are very small—large enough only for safe driving—and the hollow, cell-like body magnifies any unusual chassis noise and thus assists the tester to locate it. Every Super-Seven chassis is given a long test with a "Pentonville" body fitted, and if the sound-box properties of this reveal any imperfection the chassis, of course, is returned for examination. It is not until a chassis has passed its "Pentonville" test successfully that it has its proper body fitted and is subjected to its official road test. The use of these sound-detecting

bodies, which, incidentally, can be detached from one chassis and fitted to another in a few minutes, is of considerable interest to the purchaser, for it assures that the car which is delivered to him shall be as perfect as a first class factory can produce.

The amazing growth in popularity of the small car can be judged from an examination of the Triumph Company's works. It is now just eight years since the company bought an additional factory at Stoke, near Coventry, in which to manufacture the then new Triumph car. Since that date extensions have been made annually, so that the Stoke works are now seven times as large as they were in 1922; yet they are now used for the manufacture of car bodies only.

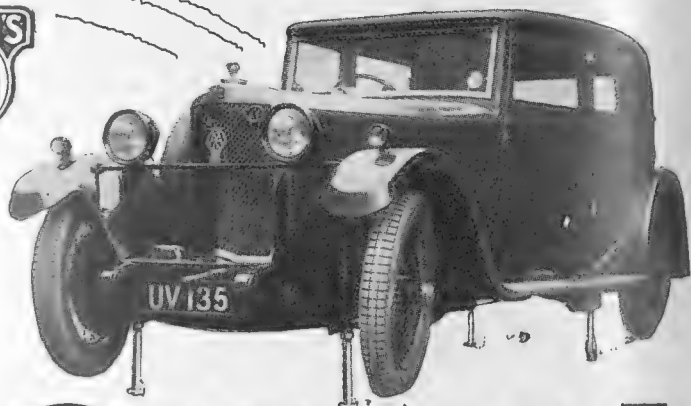
The R.A.C. is proposing to augment considerably the number of R.A.C. Guides on the road during the coming season. It has never been the policy of the R.A.C. to concentrate on any one of the various benefits it offers to its Associate-members, but rather to develop its road service as a comprehensive whole capable of dealing with any emergency. The large growth in Associate-membership of the R.A.C. and the general increase in the amount of traffic on the road, however, has made it desirable that the R.A.C. should undertake this expansion of its Road Guides this year.



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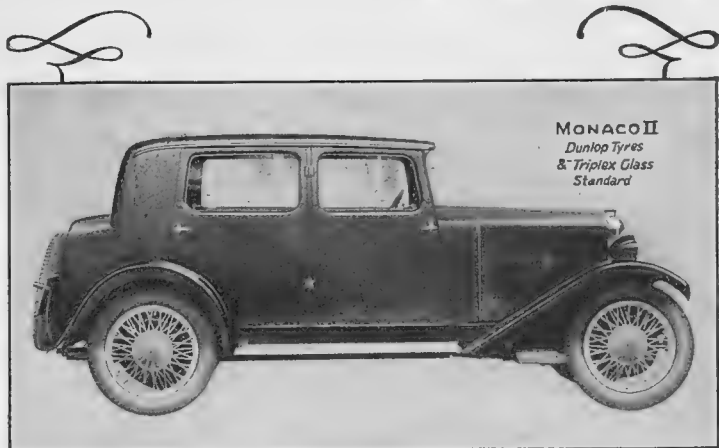
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## Round and About Notes



AT BIARRITZ LAST WEEK

The Hon. Percy Thellusson, who is Lord Rendlesham's brother and heir-presumptive, and Captain and Mrs. Martin Smith

Gilbert and Sullivan Season, had access to Sullivan's original score, while gramophone tests of a great number of artists were made before the company of eighty principals, instrumentalists, and chorus was selected. The soloists are Nellie Briercliffe, Bertha Lewis, Winifred Lawson, George Baker, Darrell Fancourt, Derek Oldham, Sydney Granville, and Leslie Rands, and every member of the chorus is a soloist of distinction. The recording opens with the delightful chorus of the tripping fairies, and then comes the deep, rich voice of Bertha Lewis as the Queen pardoning Iolanthe. Strephon's "Good-morrow, good mother!" and then "Good-morrow, good lover!" are enchanting, while an abiding joy is the pompous parade of the peers, "Loudly let the trumpets bray." George Baker scores at once with the Lord Chancellor's entrance, "The Law is the true embodiment," and he also gives the utmost value to "Said I to myself—said I," while later he faultlessly

We congratulate "His Master's Voice" on their latest triumph in issuing eleven gramophone records giving the complete music and songs of the light opera *Iolanthe*, one of the masterpieces of mirth and melody created by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. This delightful work is recorded so faithfully, under the personal supervision of Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte, that it brings the Savoy Theatre into the home. Dr. Malcolm Sargent, the Musical Director of the

deals with that song of a comedy nightmare, "Love, unrequited," one of the most difficult in the whole of the Gilbert and Sullivan works. Where each immortal number sparkles like a gem it is impossible to enumerate, but how good it is to have always at hand Sydney Granville as Private Willis on sentry-go in Palace Yard, Darrell Fancourt in his ringing rendering of "When Britain really ruled the waves," and Bertha Lewis in the love lament, "Oh, amorous dove." The entire series, which is a real masterpiece of recording, consists of eleven 12-in. double-sided records published at 6s. 6d. each. The complete opera is published in a handsome album at £3 11s. 6d.

A wonderful new British Kodak-made camera, which has a portrait attachment incorporated, has been specially designed for the Black Cat Cigarette people this year. It enables you to take "close-up" and portraits as well as the ordinary long-distance views. Even those who already have the usual type of camera should get one of these portrait cameras for 200 Black Cat coupons. It is ideal for holiday and home pictures.



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Also at Biarritz, where a whole lot of people are still waiting for summer to begin in England. Sir Banister Fletcher is the famous architect, an author of many technical works which are text-books, and who is also a barrister

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## AT A HUNT BALL IN THE WEST



AT THE HURSLEY HUNT BALL AT MARSH COURT, STOCKBRIDGE

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The Hursley country is partly in Wilts and partly in Hampshire, and the hunt dates from about 1836. The present Masters, Mr. H. Johnson of Marsh Court, Stockbridge, where the ball was held, and Lieut.-Colonel E. R. Kewley, took on in 1928. Mr. Arthur Dalgety is Master of the Southdown



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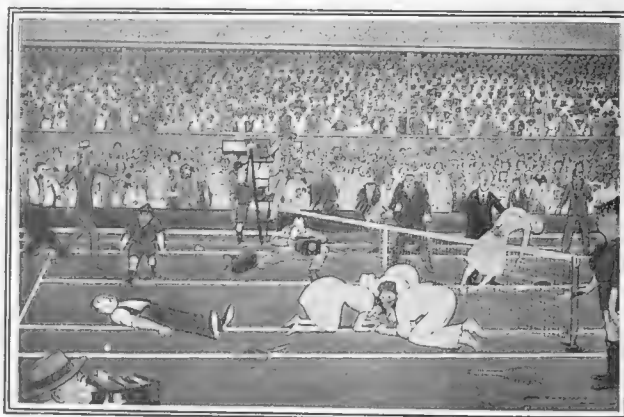
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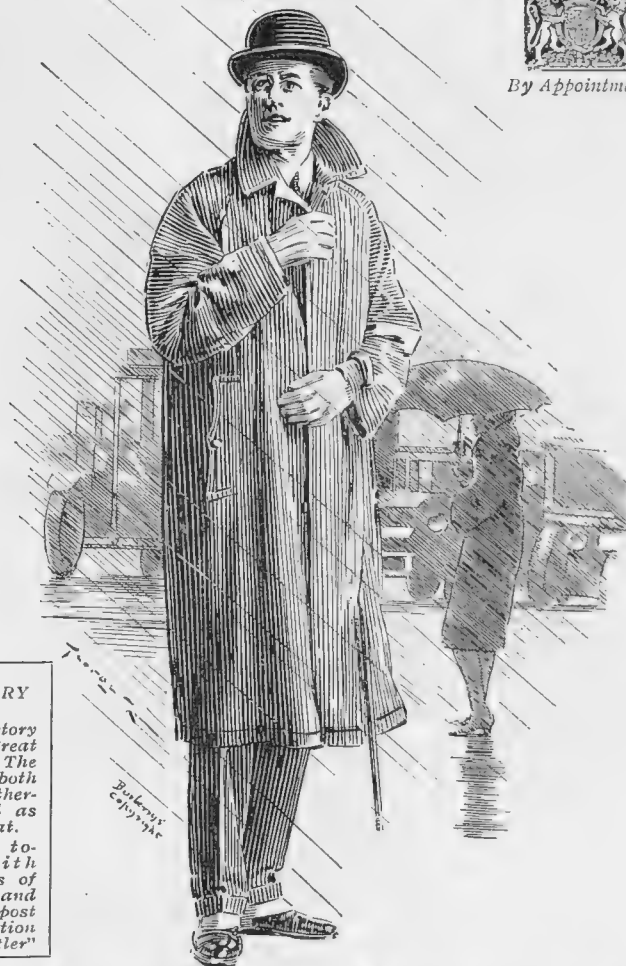
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## Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask for your interest and sympathy on behalf of Gertrude, a young cripple. Ever since the age of sixteen when she developed heart disease, she has been almost helpless. Her stepfather is practically blind and so cannot earn, while her mother has an injured arm and can only do the housework and a little sewing. Poor Gertrude feels a great burden on them both. She has one brother, William, who is the breadwinner, but matters are especially desperate just now as he is temporarily out of work. The little family of four live on 25s. weekly (10s. blind pension and 15s. William's dole), and although the invalid needs butter and milk, &c., even ordinary necessities are lacking. If we could only collect sufficient to allow Gertrude 5s. weekly for one year to relieve the family income the poor girl would feel a little more independent and life would be really happier for her. Please send contributions towards the £13 needed.

The Earl and Countess of Ellesmere will hold a reception at Bridgewater House on Tuesday, June 3, in honour of the delegates to the Imperial Press Conference.

An amusing series of cross-examinations is being held at the London School of Economics in April, May, and June, in which various well-known figures will be charged with such offences as they are severally alleged to have committed against the public. The series is in aid of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London, and the tickets are 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. for each

lecture, or £2, £1 5s., 18s., and 12s. 6d. for the series of six. Tickets and particulars can be obtained from Alfred Hays, Ltd., 26, Old Bond Street, W.1, 62, Strand, W.C. 2, and 74, Cornhill, E.C. 2, or the Secretary, King Edward's Hospital Fund for London, 7, Walbrook, E.C. 4.

On Wednesday evening, May 7, a revised and re-written version of Dr. Marie Stopes's three-act play, *Our Ostriches*, will be presented at the Royalty Theatre for a limited period of four weeks. The play was originally produced at the Royal Court Theatre in November, 1923. Reginald Bach is producing the new version, and in the cast will be Frederick Leister, Victor Dill, Kinsey Peile, and Clare Greet. The season is to be under the management of Walter Havers. The first act now takes place in Hyde Park, the second in a London tenement, and the third at a house in Mayfair. The author, while not offering *Our Ostriches* as propaganda, hopes that it may be accepted as a presentation of truth.



AT THE NEWMARKET AND THURLOW POINT-TO-POINT

R. S. Cripp

A group taken of this meeting which was held recently at Thurlow and drew a very good entry. The names are: Back row—Mr. H. L. Webb, the hon. sec., owner and rider of The Mead, who won; Mr. J. Shanks, owner and rider of Rastus, another winner; Mr. T. Hays, owner of Tell Tale, winner of the Adjacent Hunts Race; Dr. K. C. Edwards, owner of Simon Macgregor, winner of the Members Race; and Mr. R. W. Collins, owner of Lucifer, winner of the Ladies' Race. Seated—Mr. T. C. Eaton, one of the Joint Masters; General Sir Charles Briggs, the Judge; Mrs. Hanslip Long; Mr. E. Cooper Bland, the other Joint Master; and Captain F. C. Flint, hon. sec. of the meeting, and who won on Simon Macgregor.

Mr. Harold F. Ritchie, the Canadian millionaire, and President of International Proprietaries, Ltd., whose spectacular purchase about two years ago of the world-famous business of Eno's "Fruit Salt" will be recalled, is the central figure in another important deal. In conjunction with a group of associates, he has just bought the Pompeian Company from the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, with the object of developing and greatly enlarging the Pompeian beauty preparations business. These products are well-known to the trade and public of this and other countries, and their distribution in future throughout the world will be handled by Mr. Ritchie's sales organizations.

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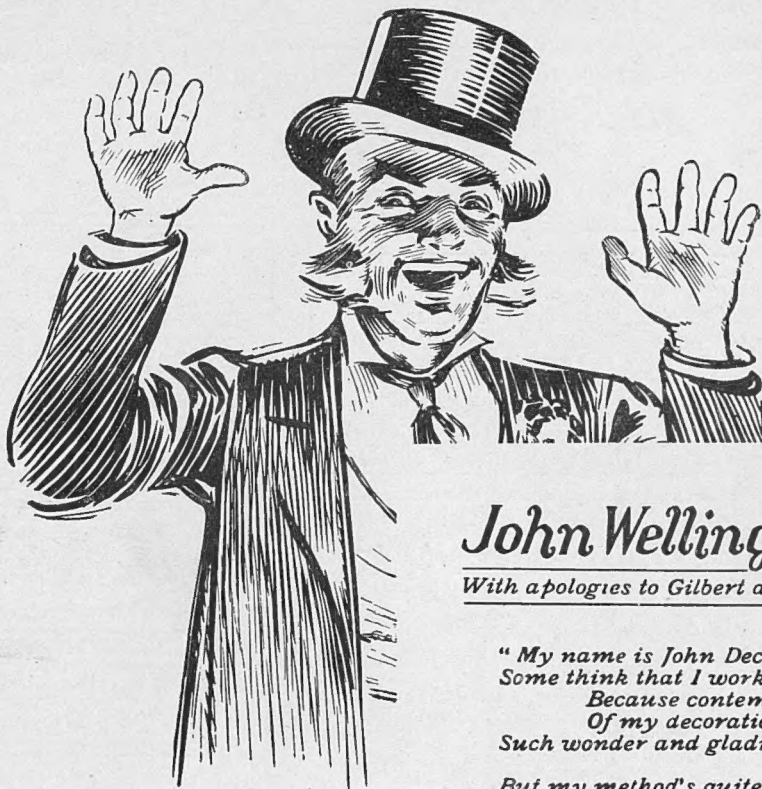
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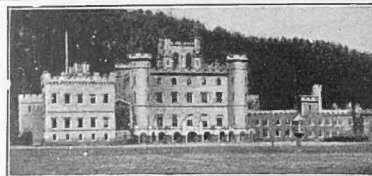
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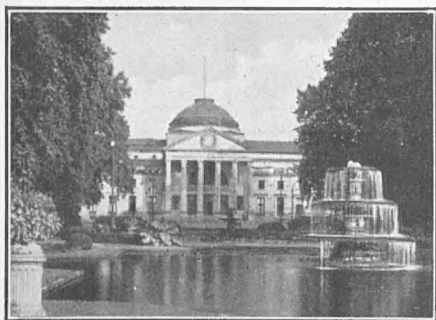
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